AMERICAN LAWYER IN ATHENS ERNEST GOODMAN

THE NATION

OCTOBER 19, 1970 35 cents

UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
OCT 16 1970
EAST ORANGE, N. J. 07019

VOTING OUR POCKETBOOKS
Robert W. Dietsch

61040 N J 07019
EAST ORANGE
LIBRARY
UPSALA COLLEGE
10-71R PL-36355 AG

Within the Barrio: OVERKILL AT 'THE SILVER DOLLAR'
ENRIQUE HANK LOPEZ

Quiet Campus Revolution: ART SUBVERTS THE CURRICULUM
RICHARD M. GUMMERE, Jr.

●

Encounter Groups
Potential of Human Potential
Robert Claiborne

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

The President's Speech

Between the appearance of the President's Seal of Office on the tube and the emergence of Mr. Nixon himself, one at least of the networks managed to sandwich in an Esso commercial about "the new big plus." There was really nothing in the speech that was new, or big, or much of a plus. He spoke, it is true, of peace, but in terms so vague that both Senators Stennis and Hatfield could approve what he said. The speech did offer at least the outline of a plan, and it avoided any threats. In fact there was a papal piety about the rhetoric and the delivery that contrasted sharply with the rough-tough speeches of his surrogate, the Vice President. Of course, a cease-fire in place would be welcome, however difficult its enforcement. Of course, the release of all prisoners of war would help to establish a degree of confidence. And of course, the idea of a larger Indochina Peace Conference is a sensible proposal (though Hanoi may see it as bringing more "clients" to our side of the table), as is the specific, publicly announced timetable for troop withdrawals.

But these suggestions, in one form or another, have been floating about for some time. Unless Hanoi is thoroughly exhausted, which seems doubtful, there is little in the plan that would appeal to the North Vietnamese. It places a working military settlement ahead of a political settlement and hence gives, at the moment, an advantage to the United States and South Vietnamese in the most densely populated sectors. And since the President says that we intend to withdraw in any case, the addition of a specific timetable may not make much difference to the North Vietnamese. If accepted, the plan would give the Thieu regime the upper hand in South Vietnam. But of course the President was merely offering a plan, a set of proposals, and some of the North Vietnamese objections might be removed through meaningful negotiation. Obviously this was not a take-it-or-leave-it offer, and the representatives of Hanoi and the Vietcong at Paris have acknowledged that there is some room for maneuvering by casting their denunciations of the speech in terms that carefully avoid rejecting it.

The advance billing and promotion which the President personally gave the speech, as well as its tenor and timing, suggest that it was primarily aimed at the U.S. electorate. Sensitive to the charge of "politics," the Administration contends that the military situation prevented the making of a cease-fire until this precise moment. But this precise moment happens to be perfect timing from the point of view of the Congressional elections—it is unlikely that the President's words can turn hollow before November 3. Politically the speech was effective. It will, along with the Administration's clever public relations, further "de-fuse" the issue of the war. It was more pacific in tone than anything Mr. Nixon has said to date, and it reflects, to a degree, some of the views of some of the critics of his Vietnamese policy. In brief, the speech is sound politics—the President no doubt will follow it up with another troop withdrawal between now and Election Day—but diplomatically it was neither new nor big nor much of a plus.

Not So Hawkish

Sen. William Proxmire is sometimes pictured as a Don Quixote from Wisconsin, doing battle with the Pentagon in a hopeless effort to reduce military appropriations to a reasonable level. In point of fact, Senator Proxmire is largely responsible for the cuts of recent years in the swollen Pentagon budget—and he has formidable support both in the Congress and among the voters. The military spenders have cause to be worried about Proxmire's analyses, and the taxpayers are not unmindful of his long-continued efforts on their behalf. A glance at the *Congressional Record—Senate*, September 24, 1970, S-16436—leaves no doubt on that point.

The Gallup poll which Proxmire had read into the *Record* of that date put the question as follows: "Congress is currently debating how much money should be spent for military purposes. Would you like to have your Congressman vote to keep spending for military purposes at the present level, increase the amount, or reduce the amount?"

The results, in percentages, were as follows:

	Present level	Increase	Reduce	No opinion
National	34	10	49	7
Republicans	37	8	46	9
Democrats	36	11	46	7
Independents	30	9	55	6

This poll probably understates the sentiment against lavish military spending. A voter who feels strongly on the issue is likely to favor either an increase or a reduction. The "present level" is the easiest choice for those who have not paid much attention to the debates in Congress or who are in the "President knows best" category. But since the trend is clearly toward reduction, the chances are that if they studied the matter, the "present level" group would divide in a ratio favoring those inclined toward reduction.

The details of this analysis are revealing in several respects. If we ignore the "no opinion" group, a clear majority of the entire sample would prefer to have their Congressman vote to reduce military spending. Even in the South, invariably the most bellicose section of the country, and richly endowed by the military, only 12 per cent of those polled favor an increase. The better educated the voter is, the more inclined he is to favor reduction. Like those with a college background, young voters (21-29) are 60 per cent in favor of reduction. There is no significant difference between the views of Democrats and Republicans, but there is a considerable preponderance on the reduction side among independent voters.

Senator Proxmire compared the results of the Gallup poll with one of his own. In August he sent a questionnaire to his Wisconsin constituents and received about 12,500 replies. The question was how the constituents would vote on the President's $73.6 billion military budget for fiscal 1971. Sixty-six per cent wanted the amount reduced, 30 per cent favored holding it at the proposed level, only 4 per cent favored an increase. Those who replied may not be representative of the entire Wisconsin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

electorate, but the result does coincide fairly well with the Midwest figures in the Gallup poll.

It would seem, therefore, that Secretary Laird's assertion that the proposed $68.7 billion budget represents "rock bottom" is not taken too seriously, either by the electorate or by some members of the Congress. On October 7 the House Appropriations Committee cut it by $2.1 billion, and when the bill reaches the Senate further cuts may be proposed. Senator Proxmire merits great praise, but he does not appear to be in a political plight calling for commiseration.

The War and the Law

It would not be quite accurate to say that the Indochinese war has disappeared from the news. It is still there, but in a quiescent state that does not constitute a critical problem. This subsidence of an explosive issue is the public relations coup of the Nixon Administration. It was accomplished by highly publicized withdrawals of ground and support troops, while the war in the air continues practically unabated; by a reduction in American casualties to what appears to be an acceptable level; by the gimmick of Vietnamization; by President Nixon's posturing as a Quaker whose heart's desire is to bring peace to the world; by off-the-record White House briefings of newspaper publishers; by Vice President Agnew's public whippings of anti-war Senators, regardless of party; by Democratic politicians who have noted the success of Agnew's discovery that "permissiveness" has brought the country to its present pass; and much else that is equally meretricious.

The fact remains that, morals aside, a notable public relations success has been achieved by the warmongers. It is by no means total, however. The Cambodian phase of the war is going badly for "our" side. And, while the media have soft-pedaled the war, the public remains uneasy. The Hatfield-McGovern plan, which was rejected by the Senate 55 to 39, is actually favored by a majority of voters. According to a Gallup poll reported at the end of September, the men of the nation are about equally divided on the issue, but the women favor getting out of Vietnam by the end of next year by a phenomenal ratio—more than 2 to 1. The result is that nationally those favoring Hatfield-McGovern number 55 per cent, those against 36 per cent, with 9 per cent expressing no opinion. Moreover, with the election less than a month away, the percentages for the Republicans are 48-43-9, for the Democrats 61-29-10. The issue is becoming increasingly partisan.

Another precarious element on the hawk side hinges on a ruling by U.S. District Judge William Sweigert. The Administration has been pleading with the Supreme Court not to "hem in" the President by ruling on the constitutionality of the war. Judge Sweigert has before him the case of three Berkeley law students, also military reservists, who challenge the legality of the war on the ground that it was never declared by Congress and hence violates the Constitution. In a 28-page discussion of the legal aspects, pending a final ruling after government attorneys have filed an answer, Judge Sweigert urges the courts to

IN THIS ISSUE

October 19, 1970

EDITORIALS

354

ARTICLES

358 Voting Our Pocketbooks — *Robert W. Dietsch*

360 Living Together in California — *Maitland Zane*

363 Justice in Athens: An American Lawyer Takes Notes — *Ernest Goodman*

365 Within the Barrio: Overkill at "The Silver Dollar" — *Enrique Hank Lopez*

368 The Quiet Campus Revolution: Art Subverts the Curriculum — *Richard M. Gummere, Jr.*

371 Zambia to Tanzania: Chinese Working on the Railroad — *Thomas Land*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

373 Mann: Encounter; Shepard and Lee: Marathon 16; Howard: Please Touch; Austin: Sad Nun at Synanon — *Robert Claiborne*

375 Trilling, ed.: Literary Criticism — *M. L. Rosenthal*

376 Hemingway: Islands in the Stream — *Bernard Oldsey*

378 Four Poems — *W. S. Merwin*

379 Cocteau (Phelps, ed.): Professional Secrets — *Frederick Brown*

380 Stent: The Coming of the Golden Age — *Gina Bari*

380 The Lineaments of Unsatisfied Desire (poem) — *Thomas McGrath*

381 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

382 American Dog Days (poem) — *Richard Weber*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Associate Publisher
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Editor
PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
BEVERLY GROSS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, ALLEN PLANZ; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; UN, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1970 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Address all manuscripts and editorial correspondence to the New York office.

Subscription Price: One year $12.50; two years, $23. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

THE NATION

Volume 211
No. 12

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"discharge their traditional responsibility for interpreting the Constitution. . . ." He aims his criticism particularly at the Supreme Court. Citizens who are not aware that a district judge may properly direct scathing language toward his judicial superiors should read Judge Sweigert's discussion of the issues. The Supreme Court, he points out, struck down as unconstitutional President Truman's seizure of strike-bound steel mills. In the light of this and other interventions, Judge Sweigert comments that "to shy away on 'political question' grounds from interfering with a Presidential war . . . would be to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

The conjurers in the White House may yet find themselves in trouble.

Uncle Cries 'Uncle'

Among our client nations, Greece is the one that has most recently forced the United States to cry "uncle." Having for more than three years applied a "limited" arms embargo on the colonels without in any notable degree transforming them into Jeffersonian Democrats, the Pentagon and White House have now decided to resume full shipments of military hardware.

The colonels have operated by the kind of blackmail that, to our pained surprise, is invariably applied by repressive regimes whom we befriend. If they did not get the tanks and planes, they eloquently shrugged, it seemed regrettably inevitable that they would be unable to maintain the segment of the NATO *cordon sanitaire* that had been entrusted to Greece. (The fact that the Greek Army has been debilitated by purges and defections among its most experienced officers, to the point where its effectiveness is dubious, was not raised by the Greeks and certainly not by Defense Secretary Laird on his recent visit.) How important NATO really is to the nations of the West, what with nationalism fragmenting the globe and the super-nation cold war somewhat abated, is never discussed; it is enough that the "idea" of NATO implements the international flow of luxurious and expensive devices of mass slaughter. And the colonels were probably under no necessity to argue their indispensability to the long, thin line of freedom, since they have another ace up their sleeve: Greece is the only country of the eastern Mediterranean that allows the Sixth Fleet free access to its ports, and the Russians have been busily showing the hammer and sickle in those waters.

In a sense, it is a blow for honesty to have the pseudo embargo lifted. If it was designed to coerce the colonels into respectable domestic behavior, it was singularly ill-adapted for that goal. Only very large arms—the sort used in serious international encounters—were cut off; the small stuff that one employs to put down popular resistance and silence inconvenient voices continued to arrive as before. Furthermore, replacement parts for the heavy equipment already in Greece were not banned, and since the army of the colonels used such items only for parade and crowd intimidation, it was feasible to keep the battalions bristling, though of course not in every case with the latest models. At that, they got a good deal of up-to-date stuff, because from time to time—as during the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia—the embargo was lifted long enough to allow some current models through the gate. As Senator Fulbright said recently: "There is a sad but familiar ring to this entire affair. We espouse high-sounding principles on the one hand, while dealing with dictators for military bases on the other."

What Mr. Laird got for the United States in exchange for resuming the full arms traffic is not easily determined. The colonels, of course, got a very large boost in prestige; in return, they spoke of "liberalizing" their regime—a promissory note that is hard to cash. It is said, for example, that the junta may stop using its military courts to try those in political opposition—the sort of mockery of justice described by Ernest Goodman on page 363 of this issue. They may indeed go through some such form, but they are not likely to free the political prisoners in their jails, or to remove the threat of censorship from the press; and it will not be difficult to keep the civilian courts subservient to the colonels' orders.

By our handling of the embargo we have certainly taught the colonels a lesson: it is that tyranny pays.

Father Hesburgh's Proposal

The New York Times of October 1 carried an article by the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame University, titled "A Proposal for Mideast Peace," and subtitled, "Could the Arabs and Israelis Build a New Nuclear State in Sinai?" Father Hesburgh called for "a bold new plan" to solve the problem of the displaced Palestinians. "Modern science," he argued, "makes this possible if only, for once, we would use it for peace and construction rather than for war and destruction."

Only a single exception can be taken to Father Hesburgh's description: the plan is bold, but hardly new. In the early 1960s Dr. R. Philip Hammond, a chemical engineer at the Los Alamos nuclear weapons center, conceived a plan for production of nuclear power on a scale so huge that it could desalinize water economically for irrigation. Dr. Alvin M. Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, borrowed Dr. Hammond from Los Alamos and set him up at Oak Ridge as chief of the Saline Water Conversion Reactor Program, essentially a study group. *The Nation* sent its science editor to Oak Ridge to report on the proposal and published two articles: "The Big Atom: Solving the Water Shortage" (December 28, 1963) and "Atomic Power: The Fear and the Promise" (March 23, 1964). The latter article alluded to the Israeli-Arab conflict: "When—if ever—the Arab masses can come to understand the conflict between their interests and those of their rulers and, concomitantly, the identity of their interests with those of the Jews, the North African and Arabian deserts can . . . be transformed by nuclear distillation of sea water."

One of America's leading investment bankers, Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission (1953-58) and Secretary of Commerce under President Eisenhower, took an interest in the matter and made repeated efforts to promote it as the "Eisenhower Plan" for the Middle East. *The Nation* has given frequent editorial support. These and other efforts have so far come to nought. The Israeli-Arab conflict, and diplomatic ef-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forts to resolve it, have been posited on the premise that there is only so much arable land in the area and that the Israelis and Arabs must fight over it, or be forced into some kind of territorial division that will be satisfactory to neither. Both the Soviet Union and the United States have concurred in the resulting sterile policies.

The consequence is recurring and increasingly dangerous warfare, while the creative solution has received little attention at high levels of government. Putting the cart before the horse, the great powers have assumed that there cannot be collaboration in making the deserts bloom until some kind of peace can be patched up between the warring nations and their great-power sponsors and arms suppliers. Now that Father Hesburgh has called attention to this travesty of statecraft, perhaps the nuclear solution will find support. He is no novice in this field; he served as Permanent Vatican Representative to the International Atomic Energy Agency in Vienna which, he points out, could help manage the project. The difficulties are formidable, but if Admiral Strauss, a prominent American Jew, and Father Hesburgh, a leading American Catholic, could enlist the support of the Nixon Administration, the Vatican and others in this proposal, peace would have a chance. Alternatively, the Middle East is the most likely incubator of World War III.

Agnew and *The Prince*

On the supposition that Vice President Agnew is not utterly guileless in matters political, his attack upon Senator Goodell is one of the stranger performances of his vindictive vaudeville. He must know, or there must be those among his advisers who know, that he is anathema in New York, and particularly in downstate New York, where Senator Goodell must hope to find the bulk of his support. That being so, the Vice President's stomping upon his fellow Republican can only have the effect of throwing votes to Goodell. But whence will come these votes? Not from the Buckley ranks, surely; rather they will be drawn from the support for Representative Ottinger, the Democratic candidate who, all hands agree, is at present considerably the front runner. And if votes can be diverted from Ottinger to Goodell, the race could end in a three-man blanket finish, with Buckley's chances measurably improved. Agnew could get nowhere attacking Ottinger—it would be merely routine politics—but by vilifying the candidate officially sponsored by his own party, the staunchly "loyalist" Vice President may be pursuing his goal by indirection.

In that case, Governor Rockefeller, who has rather roughly invited the Vice President to pick up his marbles and let New York decide its own political future, is wittingly or unwittingly playing Agnew's game. Mr. Rockefeller has a long experience in politics, and if this possibility occurs to us it must also occur to him. Thus the situation would be that Agnew is attacking Goodell in order to win him votes and allow Buckley to defeat Ottinger, and Rockefeller is making faces at Agnew in order to advance this plot. Machiavelli would smile.

It is possible, of course, that he would smile at the above hypothesis. When politicians behave in ways that seem irrational, there is always the temptation to assume that they have been reading *The Prince*, whereas in fact they may be behaving like routine politicians. It is too early to decide whether Machiavelli has had a hand in this stew. However, by the time they go to the polls on November 3, the voters in New York may have to make up their minds whom they will help if they cast a vote of righteous indignation for Charles Goodell—who, plots and double-crosses notwithstanding, is a first-rate candidate. But so is Ottinger, and the real point is to prevent Buckley from climbing to office on their shoulders.

Good Nutrition? Only in Spurts

Shoppers throughout the nation may have noticed their friendly supermarkets sprouting with neat graphics urging them to "eat the four basic foods every day," and their local newspapers singing the nutritional praises of hamburgers. Lest they wonder whether the food giants are undergoing a change of heart, this is a two-month national nutritional awareness campaign run by an industry that is willing to repent in September and October for some of the damage it does to the country's nutrition all year long.

The idea was hatched at the White House Conference on Food, Nutrition and Health last December, when the industry was rapped for its lack of interest in nutrition education, and its heavy promotion of "empty calories." The campaign is sponsored by the Food Council of America, an umbrella group of trade associations which was formed a few years ago to push two "food is a bargain" campaigns, and which has now been reactivated in a good cause.

But even as show-window repentance, the new campaign does not rate very high. Nutritionists like Dr. Jean Mayer have criticized it for being greatly oversimplified, weak on solid information, and too free with windy slogans like "food is . . . the wonderful world of the supermarket . . . the health you find on supermarket shelves."

A deeper flaw is that good nutrition simply cannot be promoted like a National Donut Week, when what is needed is a massive reorientation of the public's eating habits. Recent U.S. Department of Agriculture surveys show that the country's nutritional level is no matter for pride. It has been gradually falling over the years as we eat more meat, baked goods, snacks, cereals and soft drinks, and less milk, fresh fruits and vegetables. As a result, even the middle class can suffer from mild but chronic deficiencies of iron, calcium and key vitamins.

The poor are even worse off. As the nutrition campaign was getting under way, a study by a San Francisco citizen's group, the United Health Alliance, showed that many West Coast families could spend 10¢ or less per person on a meal, and fewer than 20 per cent of welfare families eligible for food stamps were actually getting them. While the local supermarkets blossomed under their new display material, a band of elderly San Franciscans picketed a local restaurant chain for jacking up its special lunch by 25¢ to $1.25.

Poverty is not, of course, the food industry's re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sponsibility, but food manufacturers must take a good deal of blame for exploiting the national weakness for tasty, convenient but non-nutritious food. Last year they spent $2.6 billion to promote their products, devoting most of it not to the "four basic foods" but to breakfast cereals, fats and shortenings, coffee, beer, soft drinks, candy, snacks and desserts.

Given the addiction to "empty calories," a sounder approach would be to undertake the judicious but widespread fortification of marginal foods (a few manufacturers are already doing so). It would, of course, cost money, not to mention extensive changes in federal food standards. But the country at large would be better nourished, and the jolly green food giants could be good boys all year round. JENNIFER CROSS

A Convenient Clubbing

Cambodia and Kent State triggered protests on many campuses around the nation, including Portland State University, at Portland, Ore. There, striking students erected barricades in the streets surrounding the campus and set up on the Park Blocks, an esplanade which runs through the campus, a large canvas shelter, which they called a "hospital tent."

After some debate, little of it heated, the barricades—which had kept no student from going to class—were dismantled. Except for a few minor incidents, which the police on the scene shrugged off, there was relative calm. The only real symbol of the strike remained the hospital tent.

The student demonstrators asserted that they had received verbal permission to keep the tent up until May 12, the day following the removal of the barricades. But the Mayor, Terry Schrunk, egged on by City Commissioner Francis Ivancie, a hard-line right-winger, dispatched the tough, battle-geared TOP (Tactical Operation Squad) cops, trained for riot duty and armed with riot weapons, to remove it.

The TOP Squad advanced upon the tent and ordered the students around it to disperse. The students locked arms and remained firm and quiet. The commander of the TOP Squad then announced that "those who don't disperse, consider yourselves under arrest." When the students held their ground, the cops charged, cracking heads, beating a man with his own crutches, jabbing their clubs into the stomachs of women, and flailing the fallen. When a high police official was later asked why the students hadn't been arrested instead of being clubbed where they stood, he explained that it was too much of an inconvenience to arrest the students and that there wasn't enough jail space for them.

Newspaper and TV reporters at the scene were shocked and outraged, but when they reported their observations they were subjected to a flood of abusive calls and letters. The mail which poured into City Hall was overwhelmingly pro-cop, and if any regret was expressed it was that not enough blood had been spilled. Naturally, the Mayor and Ivancie upheld the police.

Some citizens did protest the police action, however. These included Portland State "jocks" who had been gung ho for law and order until the TOP Squad's busting bee, and a small group of courageous women. In response to these protests, the Metropolitan Human Rights Commission, a standing body appointed by the Mayor, launched an investigation of its own.

Its findings, released recently, revealed that the students did indeed have permission to keep the tent up until the next day; that three police captains at the tent had "all advised against its removal"; that "no attempt was made to effect arrests at the tent prior to the use of force"; that the police "erred in the method used to remove the tent"; and that "the TOP Squad employed violence in a nonviolent situation."

The Human Rights Commission also concluded that the police acted in violation of Oregon state law, in that "no attempt was made to effect arrests and summary punishment was meted out instead of arrests being made." The Mayor, previously shaken by the bloodletting and the switch of "jocks" into the ranks of the protesters, said he would study the report.

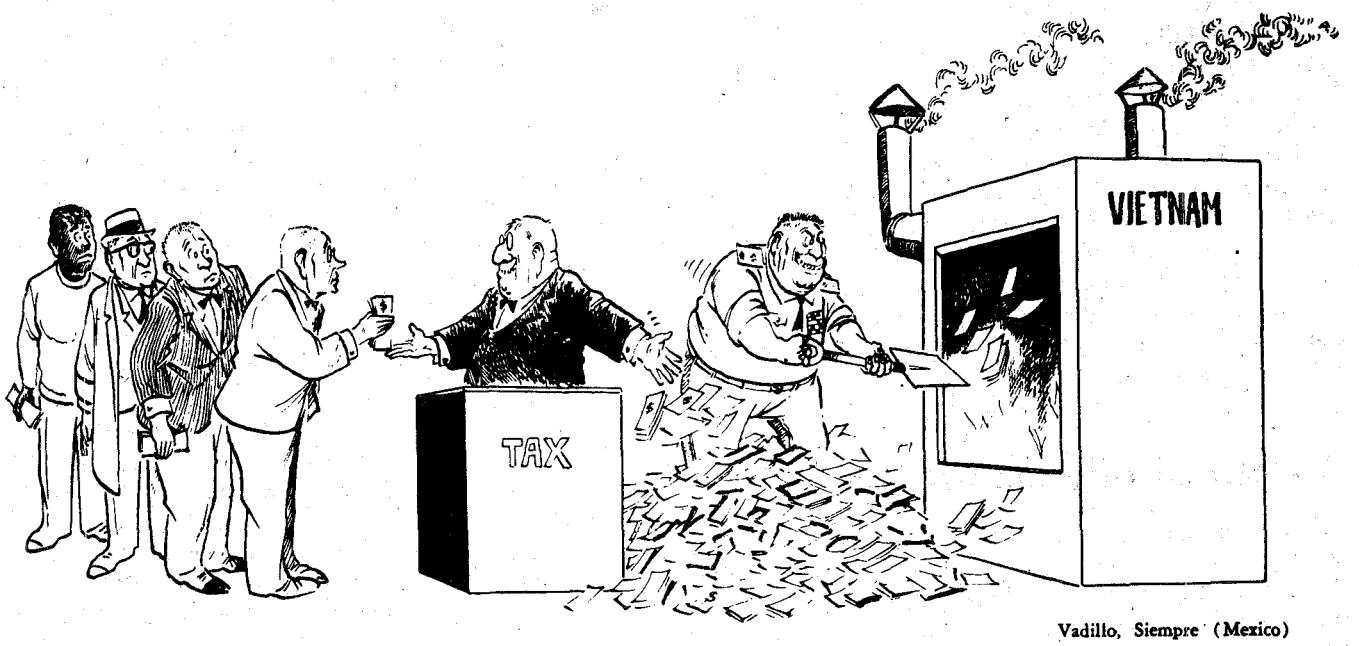
VOTING OUR POCKETBOOKS

ROBERT W. DIETSCH
Mr. Dietsch is with the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance in Washington, D.C.

The big issues in the Congressional elections of November 3 are the war in Southeast Asia (it is assumed, at this writing, that the United States will not become directly involved in any Middle East fighting), "law and order" and the pocketbook. The greatest of these is the pocketbook. "If you scan the political fever charts," long-time political analyst Louis H. Bean once wrote, "You are forced to two broad conclusions: one, that there is a general tendency for people to vote along traditional lines, which holds election results within certain percentage bounds; the other, that the greatest variations in voting behavior, the greatest shifts from one party to another, are associated with pocketbook issues." Because a growing number of Americans are being squeezed and because Nixon has failed, during nineteen months in office, to stop the squeeze, this year's pocketbook situation should bring joy to the Democrats.

In a sense, the Asian war remains the overriding issue. It sits on the minds of all Americans, one way or another, but it may stay more in the public mind than on the political tongue during fall campaigning. From the view of the Democratic Party (which belatedly has confessed to supporting the war for far too long), no poll has yet

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

shown that forthright opposition to the fighting is the most profitable political position, particularly (as Tom Wicker has written in *The New York Times*) if it appears to involve an American military reversal or a diplomatic humiliation. Thus if a Democratic candidate cries "End the war," he risks the Republican response that Mr. Nixon, unlike his Democratic predecessors, is winding down the fighting. And if a Republican candidate argues that his President is winding down the fighting, and now has given Hanoi a new set of proposals, he may expect the Democratic response that American boys are still being killed, that Mr. Nixon hasn't fulfilled a pledge to end the fighting, that he has indeed widened the war into Cambodia. There are exceptions to this general rule, as a few primaries illustrate. But those can best be explained by individual candidates and special situations and not by the war in toto.

As for "law and order," the Vice President is leading the GOP attack, charging the Democrats with being "soft" on crime and appealing to "blue-collar hard-hats" to come on over to the Grand Old Party. Republican National Chairman Rogers C. B. Morton says the Democrats, particularly Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, are only "posturing" on the side of law and order, having "switched" on the issue "to save their bacon." Nevertheless, the Democrats can be observed slamming the radicals and violence, and it's probable that they will be able to take off most of whatever political edge there is in Agnew and Morton. Whatever may be said and done about law and order, the campaigning will come back to the pocketbook. "The economic issue," Sen. Edmund S. Muskie said recently, "is the big one."

There is a shape to the pocketbook issue along campaign trails: The Republicans blame the shrinkage on Democratic big spenders in Congress, claiming that they upset the President's "economic game plan." But for people interested—and there really aren't that many along Main Street—Nixon's "economic game plan" remains as nebulous as his Vietnamese game plan. In turn, the Democrats can point out, with what looks like increasing certainty, that Nixon's fiscal 1971 budget will wind up in the red by more than $10 billion. No poll shows that voters are much influenced by budget deficits (or surpluses, for that matter), but again to those willing to listen the Democrats can point out that in the fiscal year ending June 30, expenditures voted by the "big spending" 91st Congress totaled $1.4 billion less than predicted by the Republican White House in May 1969. Besides, a case might be made that a number of Republicans joined in voting for items—principally schools and housing—that were vetoed by the President; also that the drive to hold down spending wasn't helped by Mr. Nixon's efforts to spend billions on things like the SST, ABM and ailing railroads.

The Democrats point to the pocketbook facts: When Nixon was sworn in, unemployment was 3.3 per cent; now it is 5.5 per cent (the highest since January 1964) and rising. There are 4.3 million Americans listed as unemployed today, and thousands more may be on that list by the first Tuesday in November. What's more, some of the 80 million still employed are working less overtime, and thus taking home less pay, and not a few shiver lest they may be next to feel the ax. The General Motors strike already is putting a damper on the economy, making many persons less willing to buy and take on new debt. Thirty-five cities are now counted as having 6 per cent or more unemployment, the highest total in more than five years. A Commerce Department survey shows that 13 per cent of households have less real income today than they did a year ago, and 20 per cent less than when Mr. Nixon took over.

Increase in the cost of living has slowed down, but there is little sign that a plateau is in sight. The wholesale index shot up by 0.4 per cent in September, and the chances are that on November 3, the price of most consumer items—everything from hamburger to housing, milk to medicine, cars to clothing—will be a bit higher than they are today. In Mr. Nixon's first nineteen months of office, the cost of living zipped up about 9 per cent. Little wonder, then, that Lawrence F. O'Brien,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Democratic Party chairman, also thinks the pocketbook will be *the* issue this fall. He charges that the country "embraces a sick economy, a very sick economy. Certainly we have a recession in the midst of spiraling inflation." Perhaps recession is too strong a word, but whatever the semantics, Nixon's economists have counted on a resumption of consumer spending, particularly on "big-ticket items"—cars, appliances. So far, consumers are keeping their hands tight on their wallets.

Behind all this there is more than a smattering of poor economics and party politics. It really is economical nonsense to blame Richard Nixon for all the pocketbook squeeze. The real villain in the case is Southeast Asia and the refusal of Lyndon Johnson and the 90th Democratic Congress to advise the public that, for its economic welfare, it would have to put guns ahead of butter. But for campaign purposes, economic arguments need not be profound. Furthermore, a case can be made—an economics case—that Mr. Nixon's "game plan" to cure the nation's business ills was halfhearted at best, and that such halfheartedness increased unemployment while it failed to check inflation. The President eschewed both "jawboning" and wage-price controls. When the economic chips were down, the President refused to accept the possibility of a deeper recession. At the first sign of a big jump in the jobless rate, he released $1.5 billion of highway construction money—an action which didn't really involve very many dollars (as compared with a $200 billion federal budget) but which gave businessmen and consumers a renewed conviction that inflation was here to stay. Just when "inflationary psychology" had begun to wane, Mr. Nixon rekindled the fires. Also, at the first major sign that business was in a financial bind, the Federal Reserve Board (headed by Mr. Nixon's good friend, Arthur Burns) opened the money gates. Again, inflationary fever rekindled.

An economic "Fact Sheet," distributed by the White House to editors not long ago, claimed that the Administration "had only two real tools to use against inflation: monetary restraint and fiscal restraint." That is nonsense. The government could have used some kind of wage-price guidelines or controls. Even "jawboning" continues to be too much for Mr. Nixon, although his "inflation alert" policy flirts with that idea. And the government could have acted to influence the prices of a handful of household items whose price increases lead the list of squeezes.

For example, the President has authority to permit more foreign beef to enter the country, and had he so acted, the price of hamburger (up even more than steak) might have been kept, to some degree, in check. Had Mr. Nixon supported the idea of no-fault auto insurance he might have helped hold down the spiral in insurance costs. Had he supported some kind of national health insurance plan he would have helped slow the rise in dentist and doctor fees and hospital costs. Had he supported increases in textile imports (instead of doing the opposite) he could have dampened the price spiral in clothing.

History and textbook analysis say the pocketbook issue should boost Democratic chances in this year's election. For one thing, the most recent elections in Britain showed that the swing to the Conservatives was the strongest in the industrial urban centers, plagued by unemployment and rising prices; women, directly responsible for protecting the family pocketbook, voted overwhelmingly against Labour. Consider also a Gallup poll which shows that Americans think, 44 per cent to 29 per cent, that the Democrats do "the better job of keeping the country prosperous." Then there is Foley's Law. Proclaimed by Duncan K. Foley, an economics professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, it asserts that there is "strong negative correlation" between unemployment and Republican success in Congressional elections, and that for each 1 per cent increase in the jobless rate, Republican House membership is trimmed by fifteen seats. By Foley's yardstick, the GOP should lose thirty seats, since the unemployment rate in November will be about 2 percentage points higher than when Mr. Nixon came into office. □

LIVING TOGETHER IN CALIFORNIA

MAITLAND ZANE
Mr. Zane is a novelist and a writer for the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

Step inside the converted warehouse in San Francisco's heavily Latin Mission District and meet the Family—four women, three men, five children, three cats and a dog named Argus. The sign over the door says "Different Fur Trading Co.," but the name—which came from the poet and playwright Michael McClure—is a put-on. The Warehouse Family, which is what the members call themselves, is a cooperative of musicians and artists living together and sharing expenses amid their thousands of dollars worth of recording equipment and musical instruments, which include a grand piano, two harpsichords and a Moog Synthesizer.

The Warehouse Family is one of perhaps 100 communes, large and small, urban and rural, in Northern California. Nobody knows how many there are, since few have come to the attention of the media and new ones are being formed every week. The movement began four years ago when Lou Gottlieb, with a graduate degree in musicology from the University of California, and star of a now defunct nightclub group called the Limeliters, opened the gates of his Morning Star Ranch in Sonoma County north of San Francisco to anyone who wanted to live there. From woodsy, rolling Sonoma County the movement spread, to places like Taos and Sante Fe (remember *Easy Rider*?), Mendocino County in California,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Catskills and Adirondacks in New York. Simultaneously, living groups were forming in San Francisco, Berkeley, Ann Arbor, Cambridge, New York, Los Angeles and other cities.

First came the hippie crash-pads of Haight-Ashbury, generally run-down and filthy apartment houses, with a floating population of acid heads, speed freaks and wide-eyed little runaway girls from places like Missoula and Rahway. Mattresses on the floor, incense, candles, everybody zonked most of the time, the sex more or less public, lots of gonorrhea and hepatitis, brutality and crime. But now, after the Man broke up the Hashbury and the hippies moved back to North Beach and other parts of the city, there's a wider variety of urban communal living arrangements. Today, it is not so accidental; people seem to be consciously experimenting. Straight people too, not just hippies and freaks.

Near the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco are several communes made up of doctors (or medical students) nurses and lab technicians, married couples with children living under the same roof with unmarried couples and single people. In Berkeley the university and the police have been trying to evict some longhairs who took over a couple of abandoned frat houses; the street people call this particular commune The Hearst Castle. Then there's Harrad West, a group-marriage experiment involving four couples; and the Morehouses, seven communes in California and Hawaii, each of which shelters a dozen or so "responsible hedonists," middle-class dropouts who live in comparative affluence and give courses on sensuality, jealousy and hexing.

Fifty miles north of San Francisco, near the crossroads hamlet of Marshall on Tomales Bay, the super-authoritarian Synanon organization (it has deified its founder, Chuck Dederich, in much the same way as the Chinese have deified Chairman Mao) is building a Synanon City, an anthill culture if ever there was one. When Chairman Dederich shaved his head, all his worshipers did the same; when he started wearing bib overalls, they all turned out as drugstore farmers. What started a dozen years ago in Los Angeles as a self-help organization for heroin addicts and alcoholics has now become a mini-Fascist state with delusions of grandeur. "Today Marshall, tomorrow the World," Dederich says, and he means it.

Yet another kind of commune flourishing in the cities is the underground—young hard-core revolutionaries banding together, and living together, in "affinity groups" for protection against the pigs and to insure ideological purity. The writer knows of one such affinity group living not far from the Warehouse Family: three straight-looking couples share the expenses of a large flat, and the living-room floor is a good spot for a rebel on the run to roll out his sleeping bag. Tim Leary is probably hiding out in just such a Weatherman commune.

Why is it that people—apart from revolutionaries, who have a clear enough reason—want to live together, to merge their existences, even their identities, with other people? Loneliness is one reason, anomie another. People today, particularly young people who have rejected Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell America, are looking, naively perhaps, for an earthly Eden; for the love and brotherhood, intimacy and expanded consciousness that come with joining an expanded family. (The world recoiled in disgust from the Manson Family, but there was no doubt that Charlie's young girls were happy to come under his wing, to *belong*.)

Another important element is the rejection of the city—smog, automobiles, the looming race war—for the pleasures of the bucolic life. Tilling the land, watching the

seasons as they change, waking up to a cock crowing, becoming one with nature—all these have been and will continue to be irresistible, atavistic attractions for human beings.

Lou Gottlieb, who started it, in California at least, is a tall man in his mid-40s, who with his flowing beard, robe and sandals, looks like an Indian holy man. He opened up his ranch in 1966, but took a terrible amount of harassment from Sonoma County authorities, who fined him more than $15,000 for refusing to evict the hippies squatting (a great word, squatting!) on his land. Gottlieb's last defiant legal tactic was to transfer title of Morning Star to God.

Morning Star is moribund now, with only twenty or so diehards still living there. The current action is 10 miles to the southwest, on the other side of a raw little cross-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roads called Occidental. There, on a big commune called Wheeler's, 100-odd people are living in shanties and tents, tree houses and lean-tos.

The hippie panhandling on the main street of Occidental plucked compulsively at his beard as he tried to put into words what made Wheeler's different. "Morning Star is God's land," he said finally. "Wheeler's is Wheeler's. Wheeler runs the place."

Bill Wheeler is tall, rangy, bearded and 30, the son of a Connecticut manufacturer. He bought the 320-acre ranch in 1963 with an inheritance, built with his own hands the only large building on the property, a big barn he uses for a painting studio now that the law won't let him live in it with his wife and baby daughter.

Lou Gottlieb called Morning Star an "Alternate Society." Wheeler calls his ranch the "beginning of the next civilization, the place where the Aquarian Age is starting." Histrionics aside, Wheeler's *is* idyllic, at least by comparison with the present metropolitan nightmare.

Living is very rough there—deep ruts on the dirt road keep the world away, but it is not much fun slogging through the mud in the winter rains. There's no plumbing, no electricity; roofs leak. Several babies, including Wheeler's, have been born there, and the communards, who mostly go naked in the summertime, look healthy, brown and wiry from their vegetarian diets. Nobody has died there, but people get sick from dysentery, hepatitis, gonorrhea.

Ramon Sender, a composer of "tape music" who was one of the first to move in at Morning Star, changed over to Wheeler's three years ago when the vibes got bad at Gottlieb's place. He is 35, with a black beard touched by gray, and for years now he's walked miles every day, toting water, tilling his crops, pursuing a life he calls "voluntary primitivism."

"For ten bucks a week you can live here really well," he said. Only about twenty have a regular source of income—money from home, welfare checks to women with children. At Wheeler's the welfare mothers are the plutocrats, and their checks help buy food for everyone. There's a communal garden, and most of the communards also have individual gardens.

"My old lady, Joan, makes cheese and yogurt," said Ramon. "Our eight chickens give an average of four eggs a day, and they're fantastic eggs. There are some very friendly fishermen in Bodega, 5 miles away, who bring us 100-pound boxes of fish. Orchards give us boxes of slightly damaged fruit." Residents also work by day, picking apples for local farmers and cleaning out stables, the manure going to fertilize the communal garden.

Diversions are few. Sex, science fiction, loafing around nude in the sun, smoking grass, dropping acid and any other drugs that happen to be around, staying stoned and out of it for days at a time. "But we have no drug problem here," says a cheery young man with a reddish beard who began turning on when he was 12. "The minute anybody brings any acid or dope out here, it's split around and *everybody* gets stoned. Most people are high naturally anyway."

A big bearded man came pedaling down a path, flute in hand. He calls himself Today and says he is an ex-surfer from Southern California who "used to own restaurants."

He showed off his Tree House, a shack he built in the middle of a huge live oak; its roof is plastic sheeting, the dooryard is littered with wine bottles and weird debris. Today loves it. "This is my last stop in life," he sighed. "I've searched around for an existence like this, and I ain't going no farther."

His philosophy of open land and "biodegradable architecture" make Bill Wheeler a fascinating talker. "I'm interested in showing people how to live on the land, not destroy it or pollute it. Grow their own food. Build their own houses. Deliver their own babies. This is an ecological experiment with human beings the ingredients. The important thing about it is that it *works*."

The Warehouse Family in San Francisco is more a musicians' cooperative than a commune. Money does not go into a common kitty, the relationships of the three couples plus single divorced woman plus five children are stable, monogamous—at least so far. Community bathing, yes, but not wife-swapping or orgies. Again, a vegetarian diet—this seems to be one of the few characteristics of the new life style—no hard liquor, wine only occasionally, grass but no heavy drugs like LSD or hard ones like speed and smack. Very hard-working people, too.

Margaret Fabrizio, the best-known harpsichordist in the San Francisco area, said she and her fellow members got to know one another at last year's abortive Wild West Festival. They moved into the former furniture warehouse in February, and over the months evolved into a "family."

"For the first two and a half months we didn't have a bathtub, so we either went to a sauna together or used friends'. There was no kitchen, just a two-burner hot plate. We didn't have any heat."

The men of the family—John, Patrick and Frank—plus Margaret's boy friend spent hundreds of hours and thousands of dollars putting in wiring and plumbing, building the lofts where the older children sleep. Now, the warehouse has a rough-hewn, bare-bones look and the good vibes of Wheeler's barn in the country, except that this one is 3 stories tall. On the ground floor the men are building a recording studio, and they hope to make money from it.

"Shaping this building has been a nice spiritual adventure," said Frank Albright, who has shoulder-length hair, wears hillbilly clothes, and plays reed instruments and the flute.

Out in Wheeler country it's very quiet—cocks crowing, birds twittering, cows mooing. But for the Warehouse Family, noise is the biggest problem they have. The wall of the third floor, which is like a huge, barren living room, is thin enough so that the drunken quarrels of the family next door can be heard over the hubbub of conversation, children's squeals, the washing machine, the dryer, the refrigerator, etc.

A pretty blonde named Pat who got tired of roughing it on a hippie ranch in Mendocino County, said she's now so used to living in the midst of chaos that she's bugged by a quiet house. "Now," she said, "I find the silence of a house in the country just overwhelming."

Margaret: "It's the most difficult problem, wanting quiet and not being able to have it. So I often get up at 6 A.M. just to wander around by myself when everybody else is sleeping."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The furthest-out experiment the family has tried was to give the three older children a switch in parents. "Patrick is my daughter Rita's mother and father now," said Margaret. "And John is my other daughter Carla's mother-father."

Meanwhile, Margaret became the all-purpose parent of an 11-year-old girl named Sydney, Patrick's daughter, who is pleased as hell. "She told me she's never had so few problems," Margaret reported.

The purpose of the experiment is to make the adults deal with one another differently, and to give the real parents the experience of shifting problems onto someone else. "I've been divorced eight years," said Margaret, "and my daughters are too female-oriented. Now, John and Patrick have to deal with their whining and that shit, and I get the groovy parts. I'm their friend now."

Living so closely together has presented many emotional problems, at least at first. But the Family has a very natural, healthy attitude about sex. Consider this ribald bit of dialogue:

Woman: "It used to make me feel funny, hearing you and——make love. 'There they go again,' I used to tell myself. Now I don't pay any attention."

Man: "We certainly can hear everything you do. Christ, you two make the whole building shake."

Woman: "Do you remember when the kids used to spy on us? I'm glad they've stopped *that*."

Everybody laughed at that, children included. □

JUSTICE IN ATHENS

An American Lawyer Takes Notes

ERNEST GOODMAN
Mr. Goodman is an attorney practicing in Detroit.

At the request of American friends of Nick Kaloudis, once a resident of the United States, I attended a military trial at Athens, beginning on July 6, at which Kaloudis and ten other defendants were charged with conspiracy to overthrow by force the social order of Greece. I was one of eight lawyers attending the trial as observers, the others being from France, West Germany, Belgium, Sweden and England. What follows is my report.

I arrived at 8 A.M. at the 6-story office building in downtown Athens where the trial was to be held. There were a number of army vehicles at the entrance to the building, and armed soldiers as well as plainclothes men surrounded the area. I was unable to enter until Mr. Theotokatos, attorney for Mr. Kaloudis, appeared. After considerable discussion and negotiation, and after I had deposited my passport with a security agent and submitted to being frisked, he finally got permission for me to proceed to the 6th-floor courtroom.

It was a plain room about 50 feet long by 20 feet wide. The military court, consisting of five members and one alternate, was seated on a raised platform at one end of the room. The president of the court was a military judge and the others were army officers; all were in uniform. The courtroom was divided by an aisle. To the left and also on a raised platform was seated the prosecutor in an officer's uniform. To the right, the eleven defendants were seated in an area enclosed by rail; they were guarded by armed soldiers whose number varied from ten to twenty during the trial.

Also on the left and closest to the bench, sat seventeen defense lawyers; behind them were several rows of journalists, then the foreign legal observers, including myself, and several plainclothes members of the security department. At the rear were four or five benches for the friends and relatives of the accused.

The courtroom was poorly ventilated and during the trial it became either very hot or, if the windows were open, very noisy because of the traffic in the streets.

The trial opened with a reading of the indictment and other formalities. The principal defendants admitted that they were seeking to overthrow—in the sense of completely change—the present government which three years earlier, following democratic elections, had illegally seized power. However, the defendants denied that they intended to use force to gain this objective. Most of them were Communists and, because of the military dictatorship, had gone underground. The prosecutor introduced no evidence to prove that the defendants actually used force or that they possessed weapons for that purpose.

Defense attorneys moved to dismiss the proceedings on the ground that the case should be referred to the civil courts for trial. The lawyers pointed out that the government had recently issued a public statement promising to lift the three-year-old state of siege under which the trial had been referred to a military court instead of the civil courts. Further, the attorneys requested an adjournment on the ground that they had not been given adequate time to prepare the case. In support of this contention they pointed out that in his investigation, which had ended only a week earlier, the prosecutor had obtained statements from numerous witnesses, including the defendants, and had compiled a large investigative file. During the investigative period, under the law, the defense lawyers had had no right to see their clients or to participate in the investigation. The prosecution's file had been made available to the defense attorneys only six days before the trial. The lawyers also pointed out that during these six days they had been permitted to interview their clients on only three occasions of two hours each—through the prison screen and in the presence of other defendants and prison guards. These motions were vigorously pressed by most of the defense counsel in turn, frequently with dramatic gestures. The arguments went on for several hours, and the motions were then denied.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All the proceedings were, of course, conducted in Greek, which created a problem for the foreign observers. However, many of the defense attorneys could speak English or French, and they filtered the essence of what went on through the journalists to us, so that we kept up with developments, although with some delay.

The first session lasted until about 1:30 P.M. Court recessed until about 6 P.M. and then continued until one o'clock the following morning. The second day of the trial began about 8:30 and continued until about 1 P.M. The court then recessed until 8 A.M. on the third day and the verdict was announced at 12:30 P.M.

The prosecutor's two principal witnesses were ranking officers of the security division, who testified while standing directly in front of the bench. As criminal trials are customarily held on the Continent, the principal aspect of the process consists of the voluminous documents obtained during the investigation, which are considered part of the record. Trials are thus greatly accelerated.

The testimony of the first government witness, Police Superintendent Mallias, appeared to be a long lecture to the court, in which he outlined the history of the Greek Communist party, Russian communism and communism in general. Much of his testimony was read from notes. During this presentation, the main defendant, Kaloudis, sought to ask him questions, but the president of the court refused permission. The president and prosecutor, in turn, then asked a number of questions.

There followed a lengthy and vigorous examination of the witness by defense attorneys. However, the character of this exchange in no way resembled the cross-examination of a witness in our tradition. Rather, it was a continuous debate between the attorney and the witness in which the president and sometimes the prosecutor participated, frequently talking or shouting at each other at the same time. No one appeared particularly surprised or annoyed by this procedure.

I came to realize, however, that this kind of free-for-all debate was not inappropriate, if political ideas are to be tried in a courtroom. It was a more honest approach than are the procedures of political trials in our courts, particularly under the Smith Act, where almost identical charges are involved. We are required to treat the proceedings as though they were trials of ordinary crimes, designed to ascertain the facts to which the law is to be applied. If the legality of a political ideology is to be the subject of judicial determination in a criminal proceeding, the Socratic method of debate I saw in Athens seemed more suitable than the hypocritical assumptions which today underlie the trials of political ideas in the United States.

The only exhibits offered in evidence by the prosecutor were several issues of a newspaper published by the Greek underground. These papers were used frequently by the witness in his attempt to establish a relationship between the Greek underground movement and Communist ideology and objectives.

After the two police witnesses had testified and some lengthy documents listing numerous items found on the occasion of the defendants' arrest had been read in evidence, the prosecutor rested his case. At this point each of the defendants was permitted to state his or her defense. In doing so, they were not subject to cross-examination because it is felt that a defendant charged with a crime is thus more likely to feel uninhibited in stating his defense.

Mr. Kaloudis presented a reasoned, calmly stated posi-

Sanders, The Milwaukee Journal

tion concerning his own beliefs and actions, as well as those of his party. Other defendants followed. At this point the prosecutor made his final summation, asking that all the defendants be found guilty and recommending heavy sentences for each of them, beginning with life imprisonment for the three leaders and lesser penalties ranging from twenty years to two years for the others. Counsel for each defendant then spoke. Defense arguments were neither perfunctory nor objective. They were presented with emotion and drama, punctuated by vivid bodily movements and sharp pointing of finger and arm. They sought to expose the undemocratic and illegal character of the prosecution and affirm their belief in the innocence of their clients. Nor was the vigor of the defense a mere courtroom tactic. Four of the defense counsel had already been imprisoned by the military government for periods of up to three years. Some of them were among the best-known attorneys in Greece. They knew that their representation might well land them in prison.

On the final day of the trial, attorney Kizeridis, in presenting his case, pointed out how difficult it was to obtain a fair trial in this case. Members of the court were required to be impartial as between the government and a group of defendants charged with conspiring to forcefully overthrow it. But at the same time the court was composed entirely of army officers, sworn to obey the government. While he was in the process of making this initial point, Kizeridis was interrupted by the prosecutor who condemned the statement as an attack on the integrity of the court and asked that the lawyer be found in contempt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and punished. Thereupon, all but a few of the defense counsel rose to their feet, and each in turn supported their colleague with strong and bitter attacks upon the prosecutor's contention. Again the argument was interlarded by emotional and often hostile shouting by the defense counsel, the prosecutor and the president. Finally, the president abruptly adjourned the court to take the matter under advisement.

While the court was adjourned, my colleagues and I asked defense counsel what they proposed to do about this dramatic development. We were told that they had conferred among themselves and had decided that if Mr. Kizeridis were sentenced for contempt they would ask permission of their clients to withdraw from the case on the ground that justice would thereafter be unobtainable. Their clients, we were told, had agreed to this procedure. We asked whether they desired that we walk out with them, which we were all willing to do, to support our Greek colleagues against an attack which we all felt to be unwarranted and repressive. The lawyers preferred that we remain in the court as observers until the end of the trial.

Court reconvened and the president announced the decision. Kizeridis was found guilty of contempt and sentenced to two years in prison. There was no appeal. Immediately, an army officer took his position near Mr. Kizeridis and placed him under technical arrest. Mr. Kizeridis would be taken from the courtroom to the prison to serve his two years.

At this point Mr. Kaloudis advised the court that in view of these developments the defendants, with two exceptions, had decided to dismiss their attorneys. Thereupon fourteen defense lawyers walked out in a body, leaving Mr. Kizeridis under guard and the two defense counsel who decided to remain and make their final arguments.

When these two arguments had been presented, the president declared the trial ended, and the court retired to consider its verdict. At 12:30 P.M. the court reconvened and, as is the custom, its members and the entire audience stood while the verdict was announced. One defendant, a woman whose only connection with the case was the renting of a room to one of the defendants, was found innocent. Another defendant was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. These two were represented by the two attorneys who had remained to submit their arguments after the others had left the courtroom. Kaloudis and the other two principal defendants were sentenced to life imprisonment. The remaining defendants were sentenced to terms of four years to twenty years, the average being about fifteen years. I noted that in the case of one defendant, a beautiful young woman with classic Greek features, the court increased the prosecutor's recommendation from six to fifteen years. The defendants accepted the verdict calmly and with fortitude, firm in the belief that the government and their imprisonment would soon be terminated.

Following the verdict I met with the other foreign legal observers and we agreed upon a written statement, to be released after we had left Greece, condemning the contempt sentence of Mr. Kizeridis. That completed my encounter with the administration of justice in present-day Greece. □

WITHIN THE BARRIO

Overkill at 'The Silver Dollar'

ENRIQUE HANK LOPEZ

Mr. Lopez is an international lawyer, with a degree from Harvard Law School. He is also the author of a novel, Afro-6 *(Dell Publishing), did the actual writing of Sam Houston Johnson's* My Brother Lyndon *(Cowles Book Co.), and contributes to a number of national magazines.*

It was nearly midnight, and the barrio strangely quiet, quiet with fear. I had just left the Carioca restaurant with a dozen *tortillas de maíz* in a paper bag. I was spending the night before the funeral at my mother's house, and she'd promised to cook my favorite breakfast of *menudo con chile*. The tortillas, naturally, were essential.

Suddenly a police car screeched to a stop at the curb. Two cops jumped out and pushed me against the wall, frisking me from top to bottom with rough insolent hands. They said not a word, and neither did I. I was simply not *macho* enough to protest. A cop like these had blasted the skull of my friend Ruben Salazar, the Chicano columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, in the Silver Dollar café, and I was frankly afraid to cross them.

They have also arrested about 300 Chicanos since the police riot that erupted during the East Los Angeles peace rally that Ruben was covering on the afternoon he was killed. I didn't want to be "prisoner 301"—and, having flown all the way from New York, I certainly didn't want to miss Ruben's funeral. So I accepted the indignity of their frisk with a gut-souring meekness. This is all familiar stuff to anyone who has lived in a Chicano barrio. And when they yanked off my shoes and shook them upside-down, I clamped my mouth to hold back the sour saliva that I'd like to spit in their faces.

"What do you do?" one of them asked.

"I'm a lawyer and a writer."

"Oh—one of those guys," in a tone suggesting one of those smart-ass spicks.

Suddenly noticing the brown paper bag in my hand, one of these guardians of the peace grabbed it and quickly shuffled through the tortillas in an apparent search for marijuana or heroin. Finding none, he gave them back.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Later on I threw the tortillas into a trash can—they must have had a hundred cop fingerprints on them.

They let me go finally—a tribute to my meekness, to what I would rather call my old barrio wisdom. The pragmatism of fear. And in my confusion and resentment (or was it again a sense of prudent resignation?), I had not noticed their badge numbers. Nor would I be able to recognize their faces again. I'm afraid all cops' faces have begun to look alike to me. And that's tragic, in a way, because two years ago I wrote to Mayor Lindsay and the New York Police Commissioner, commending a police officer who had been extremely kind (fatherly kind) to my 10-year-old daughter when she was injured near our apartment while we were away, the baby sitter having gone astray. He had taken her to a hospital and stayed by her side for five hours. So it's not in me to be a cop hater.

Just below Soto and Brooklyn Avenue, while searching vainly for a cab on those deserted streets, I saw a police helicopter swishing over me like a giant insect, its bright, harsh searchlights probing the dark alleys and back yards of the barrio.

I wondered then if the police regard us Mexican-Americans as a community of barricaded criminals. The phrase came easily at that moment because that very afternoon the *Times* had quoted an expert as saying that the kind of missile that killed Ruben "should be used only against a barricaded criminal." Gene Pember, a consultant for the Peace Officers Standards and Training Commission, had told newsmen that the high-velocity tear-gas projectile that pierced Ruben's skull should never be used for crowd control, that "the thing is like a young cannon, really." Such missiles, he said, could go through a thick stucco wall. "That's what they are for—to penetrate a house or an object behind which a dangerous suspect has barricaded himself. But even then they should never be fired at a person."

The 10-inch missile that killed Salazar was fired by a sheriff's deputy *through an open doorway* at a point-blank range of 15 feet. The deputy who fired that missile may not have known it was Ruben Salazar he was shooting, but he certainly knew it was a Chicano.

Yet, not once during the entire week following this obvious example of heedless slaughter would Sheriff Pitchess admit that his men might have been even slightly negligent. Sam Houston Johnson once told me that his brother LBJ suffered from a profound inability to say "I'm sorry"—to admit any error, however inconsequential. Certainly a tragic flaw in a human being, and I wonder if the Los Angeles sheriff shares that affliction. Far from blaming any of his men, he keeps talking about "outside agitators."

Small wonder that my fellow Chicanos are willing to believe almost any accusation against the police. When the *Times* subsequently devoted its entire front page to blown-up photos from a community newspaper called *La Raza*, quoting at length from an article titled "The Murder of Ruben Salazar"—they may have begun to entertain even that suspicion.

Earlier that evening (several hours before the cops frisked me) I had attended a rally of Chicanos at the All Nations auditorium, where I heard their collective rage and frustration—my own as well—burst from the throats of one speaker after another, the packed listeners periodically stamping their feet and raising clenched fists as a symbol of "Chicano Power." The speeches were mostly in English, but occasionally resorted to a schizo-lingual amalgam of English and Spanish to stress a vital point. ("Let's show *los linches placas* that we're men—*que* no bastard cop *nos puede chingar!*") Tough barrio language, most of it spoken with the bitterness of long years of resentment, some of it with a hushed, melancholy sense of bitter resignation.

When Corky Gonzalez was introduced, a thunder of shoes stomped the floor and a chorus of "viva Chicano power" echoed from the walls, throbbing in my head, sending an expectant chill up my spine. But there was no flaming rhetoric from the much loved leader of the Crusade for Justice—no call to arms, no threat of violence. There was instead an urgent plea for Chicano unity, for a grass-roots drive for political power, for a reclaiming of "the occupied territory of Aztlán," that portion of the United States that once belonged to Mexico. It sounded more like a psychic take-back than a real one. The muted anger in his voice was spiced with humorous irony when he told the crowd, "I was busted at the peace rally and charged with suspicion of robbery because I had $325 in my billfold. To the *gabacho* cops, I guess it's awful damned suspicious for a Chicano to have that much bread."

Clearly moved by Corky's mesmeric hold on the audience, Rene Anselmo (an Anglo millionaire who owns three TV stations) instantly donated $100 to the bail-bond fund for the 300 Chicanos who had been arrested since the riot. By coincidence, Captain Ernest Medina—defendant in the My Lai massacre case—was in Los Angeles during that same period, seeking donations for his defense from fellow Mexican-Americans. I doubt that he could have raised 2¢ from the people who heard Corky, though I'm told that American Legionnaires in his home town think him a hero.

After the rally I went to the Carioca bar-restaurant to eat Mexican food. It was also a sentimental gesture. The last time I had seen Ruben Salazar we had come to this restaurant, mostly to hear the mariachi trio that entertains here. They had played our favorite *Adelita* and *Siete Leguas*, songs of the Mexican Revolution that led us into a pleasant nostalgic mood. I had once written that my father was the only private in Pancho Villa's army, and he was now claiming that *his* father was the only private, smiling in that gentle way he had, his eyes shining with impish enjoyment. What better basis for a deep and abiding friendship than our mutual conviction that *each* of our fathers was the only private in that famous rebel *Division del norte*?

Our conversation became serious after a while. Ruben was deeply concerned about the laggard pace of bilingual education programs for Chicano children in the early grades. Most educators know that everyone's greatest, most intense period of learning is from birth to the age of 5. For a Chicano that fast-paced, crucial learning is acquired in Spanish or in a "pocho" combination of Spanish and English. But the day he enters kindergarten

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—a day of intense anxiety even for a child from the most secure Anglo environment—that learning tool is snatched away. He's not permitted to speak the only language he knows. So he sits in frustration, confusion and fright as the teacher and the "more advantaged" kids talk in alien sounds, making him feel dumb and lost. The experience is repeated hour after hour, day after day, until he's ultimately defeated. There is no one more fragile than a 5-year-old child on alien turf.

The Chicano brings failure to school with him; he has no chance of success, no possibility of the "reward and reinforcement" that child educators feel is indispensable. The high school dropout rate for Mexican-Americans (58 per cent in some Chicano ghettos—higher than the rate for black students) is a belated symptom of the dropping out that begins on the first day of kindergarten.

"Why can't they teach our Chicano kids in both Spanish and English?" asked Ruben, fingering an empty glass. "If they could have genuine bilingual classes—Spanish in the morning and English in the afternoon—there would be some trace of comforting familiarity between school and their home. They could feel successful in Spanish, capable of learning. They wouldn't feel dumb, they wouldn't quit trying as they do now. With a gradual transition in kindergarten and the first two grades, English would be easier."

His convictions were an echo of educational theories developed by Dr. Jerome Bruner, director of Harvard's Center for Cognitive Studies, who has said that ghetto

youngsters often face insuperable linguistic and environmental obstacles.

Ordering another round of margaritas that evening, we talked of other problems that bedevil Chicano kids. Thinking of the kid-glove treatment used on the Kennedy-Shriver cousins when they were arrested for possession of marijuana, we were both sure that a Chicano or black teen-ager would have been summarily convicted and sent to a reformatory for at least six months.

I told Ruben of my first encounter with the juvenile court system as a lawyer (I'd had several as a child). A Mexican-American woman had called my office in a state verging on hysteria. Her 13-year-old son—let's call him Ramon Gomez—had been picked up by the police and whisked off in a squad car, but no one at the local precinct station would tell her where he was. Within half an hour we were at the Hollenbeck station in East Los Angeles, and were informed that Ramon wasn't there. No record of his arrest. Then we hurried to the Juvenile Detention Home, where the desk captain said there was no booking on a Ramon Gomez. But as we were leaving, a young Chicano trustee told us that a boy answering Ramon's description had been taken from the detention home to the Los Angeles General Hospital. "He had a bloody bandage on his face." Checking the prison ward at the hospital, we learned two hours later that he'd received treatment for a fractured nose and then been returned to the detention home.

When we tried to see him at the so-called home, we were told he couldn't have visitors—nor could I see him in my capacity as his attorney. Angered by this refusal (any adult prisoner can see a lawyer), I went to a bail bondsman, who told me that kids weren't entitled to release on bail. Then I called several judges, who told me that they couldn't order his release on a writ of *habeas corpus* because children weren't entitled to that constitutional right.

When I finally saw the boy, he told me that he'd been accused of trying to break into a bubble-gum machine. "I put a penny in there and the gum didn't come out, so I was shaking it when the police came by. And when I tried to explain what happened, one of them slapped me. Then when I protested, they got me in the car, and one of them started punching my face with his closed fist, calling me a smart-aleck spick. That's how my nose got busted."

The Kafkaesque nightmare continued the next day at Ramon's hearing in juvenile court. The judge immediately informed me that I couldn't act as his lawyer "because this is not a criminal proceeding."

"Then why are you treating him like a criminal?" I asked. "Why has he been detained in that jail?"

"That's not a jail," he said rather testily. "It's only a detention home."

Paraphrasing Gertrude Stein, I said: "It has barred cells like a jail and barred gates to keep those kids inside, and a jail is a jail is a jail—no matter what name you give it."

But he still wouldn't let me appear as Ramon's lawyer, so his mother and I just sat there watching the nightmare proceedings of that quick-justice cafeteria called a "court." Not only were the juvenile defendants (almost all of them black or Chicano) denied lawyers; they couldn't face their accusers, they couldn't cross-examine witnesses against them, they couldn't object to rank hearsay testimony, they weren't protected by any of the normal rules of evidence. They were, in fact, unable to invoke any of the constitutional safeguards that are available to known gangsters.

And when I asked the judge for a transcript of the hearing after he had sentenced Ramon to six months in a reformatory, his mother pleaded with me not to appeal the case. "If we raise a big fuss," she said, "they'll only make it tougher on Ramon when he gets out. He'll be a marked man. We Chicanos don't have a chance."

Ruben had a film of tears in his eyes when I told him

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about Ramon. "*Como son pinches*," he said. "How can they be such bastards with little kids? And think of all the other Ramons who've been in the same bag."

Ramon Gomez must be 20 years old by now. He may have been one of the tight-mouthed militants in the angry crowd at the All Nations auditorium on the night before Ruben's funeral, listening to one speaker comment on the tear-gassing of children at the peace rally, listening to the bitter irony in Corky Gonzalez's voice. He's heard, as most Chicanos have, that Corky is a marked man, that the FBI probably shadows him from one state to another as he goes from campus to campus, from barrio to barrio, asking his brown brothers to join in common cause. Ramon knows from personal experience (as do too many Chicanos who have been brutalized by certain cops, by the juvenile court system, by those crime-breeding reformatories), knows with a sickening fear that the police may some day crowd in on Corky, and that tragic violence may result.

But quite aside from his own not likely to be forgotten experience with the law, Ramon knows about inferior ghetto schools with indifferent teachers, about poor substandard housing, about high unemployment in the barrio, about radio and television shows that demean and insult his fellow *paisanos*. And he must be aware that local and federal government agencies largely ignore the plight of 8 million invisible Mexican-Americans. And he certainly knows that the television networks, national magazines and news syndicates are generally deaf to the despairing voices of the barrio, although the more strident voices from black ghettos get ample notice.

Those same news media have been outraged by the alarming increase of cop killers—and it is well they should be, for any killing is abhorrent. But they should also know that the phrase is sometimes reversed in the ghetto—that Chicanos and blacks and poor whites often talk about killer cops with equal abhorrence.

Ramon and the rest of us Chicanos have been urged to turn a deaf ear to the dangerous cry of the militant, to listen instead to the voices of reason, to the voices of the people like Ruben Salazar. And though I myself felt slightly less than reasonable when those two cops shoved me against the wall on a dark lonely street, I would certainly agree that our only hope is reason and good will.

One must also hope that the police and other authorities will come to realize that reason flows both ways, that this fragile society can ill afford the frightening consequences of the kind of overkill that silenced the most reasonable voice of Ruben Salazar. □

THE QUIET CAMPUS REVOLUTION

ART SUBVERTS THE CURRICULUM

RICHARD M. GUMMERE, Jr.
Mr. Gummere, a member of the Columbia University placement office and former director of admissions at Bard College, is working on a book, How To Survive Education, *to be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.*

"I'm taking a course in sculpture," Bill volunteers when we meet on College Walk. By the end of sophomore year, he's become an adept student and a varsity football wheelhorse. You'd think he'd consolidate those gains for a while. But now he has a new look—a bit insurgent, if not subversive. On his head he sports a tam-o'-shanter, at his throat a loud silk scarf.

Why sculpture? "Because it helps me cope. It gets me away from all those abstractions." Bill gestures impatiently toward a classroom building. In an academic climate polluted with too many words, he now works with things; from lecture halls quarantined against deep feeling he escapes into a studio pervaded with it. Whereas another student pores over books to prepare for the future, Bill sculpts for present satisfaction. Whereas others learn for their own benefit, he learns in order to share his insights, perhaps even with a crowded gallery.

The number of such revolutionaries is growing, and they are a greater threat to the academic establishment than are those who seize buildings and rough up administrators. Quietly turning from the traditional subjects to take courses in sculpture, painting, dance, film, drama, music and writing, they are changing our colleges and universities at their core—the curriculum.

"Man must learn to live aesthetically or cease to be man—cease to be, that is, an animal who responds meaningfully to challenge. Everyone must some day become an artist—or a saint." This pronouncement came last year from Eric Larrabee, provost of the State University of Buffalo. Art, he predicted, will soon replace science at the center of higher education. Past experience supports him: grand academic reforms occur after crises like today's, when events are heady, students wrought up, and faculty extra monkish.

The curriculum has undergone three revolutions since the universities were created 1,000 years ago. The first was from the simple grammatical studies of the Dark Ages to the theology and argument of Mediaeval Scholasticism ("Can angels converse with men?"); the second, in the Renaissance, to that revival of ancient authors and worship of words called Classicism ("How did Cicero say it?"); and the third, to late 19th-century scientism and the reign of analysis ("Do the data fit the hypothesis?").

At each overthrow, a radical new academic subject transformed the others. In the Middle Ages, it was logic; in the Renaissance, ancient literature; in the 19th century, science. By now not only has that latest intruder overrun the colleges but the social studies and humanities have even copied it. Their scholars try to be objective and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cool; they try to explain things by counting them, if possible, or at least by analyzing them. But too much emphasis on counting and analysis kills. Already it has paralyzed the system of higher education. To revive it, another revolution is now brewing. Faculty and students will turn from the analysis of culture to the making of it. Scientism will give way to creativity. The new radicalizing subject will be art.

In America how is academic revolution accomplished? We have had only one example—the replacement, a century ago, of the classics by the sciences. A few progressive faculty started it. Next, many students joined in. Finally, half a dozen college presidents took command.

In the Renaissance, men like Petrarch had shown that the ancient pagan authors could help rejuvenate a tired Europe, but the first American educators imported the classical studies not so much for the wit of Horace, the romance of Virgil, the passion of Sophocles as for the tough discipline of learning Latin and Greek. A few educators, like Ezra Stiles, president of Yale in the late 18th century, triggered the scientific reaction against this misdirected classicism. Though a conservative theologian, Stiles was a progressive scientist who did original work in astronomy and meteorology. He even instructed his young men about electricity, using a spark generated in a contraption sent him by Benjamin Franklin.

Then students stepped up the revolt, often violently. For some reason, the Princetonians were the most violent. During the first half of the 19th century, they several times occupied Nassau Hall, barricading the building and defending it against all comers, including the town constables, with a missile arsenal of Latin dictionaries and chamber pots. Once, the students paraded in front of Nassau armed with dirks and firearms.

But the academic revolution was at its most formidable in the students' own scientific and literary societies. On many campuses, the young men were as creative as they were violent. A visitor to Haverford College during the 1860s might expect an invitation to an evening session of the Loganian Society by members sporting elegant club badges. He would hear the chairman ask the committees on botany, mineralogy, zoology and entomology for their monthly reports on field work and experiments. That night, an enthusiastic Loganian might ring the college bell at 4 A.M. to rouse all Haverfordians to watch a meteor shower the astronomy committee was mapping.

Most faculty fearfully guarded the curriculum against such impiety. Nature should be approached to glorify God's handiwork, not to discover upsetting new facts. In the 1870s, an Amherst biologist could still be banned by his colleagues from further science teaching because for several weeks he kept his students eagerly dissecting the clam. As today, a few creative presidents were needed, strong enough to be champions of drastic change. The Harvard trustees found one first in a 35-year-old chemistry professor, Charles W. Eliot, who was a match for any faculty Goliath. Several other major universities were soon headed by irresistible progressives. By the end of the century, laboratory science was being taught in all but the most pious colleges.

Under the influence of science, the entire curriculum has been broken up into narrow specialties. Though young people are eager to learn how to relate the liberal arts one to another, faculties today offer knowledge in chunks—philosophy, anthropology, astronomy, economics. They require students to take each chunk in almost complete isolation from any other chunk. A young man told me of a dream in which he lay on an operating table where his professors, the better to teach him their subjects, were carving him into sections.

Furthermore, science has reached into all other fields and tempted scholars to overindulge in analysis. For example, during the last two or three decades, English faculties have lionized Henry James. The complicated life and work of this fastidious expatriate can be elegantly analyzed—on how many levels do James's symbols operate? Does psychology or melodrama predominate in his novels? Was his rejection of his country really a rejection of his father? Can the stylistic complexity of his later work be attributed to his dictating it? By such unromantic inquiry humanists would emulate chemists.

Also, the objectivity of the scientist has been all too contagious. When imitated by scholars in other fields it degenerates into timidity. Society asks heroic questions: Why do blacks riot? Why does money inflate? Why has alcoholism spread? Academic scholars are expected to suggest answers, but they can't because too much of what they know is, as David Riesman says, "on a plateau of low-level abstraction, neither concrete enough for reality-testing nor conceptual and detached enough for philosophical reorientation."

Finally, pseudo-science has aggravated the old American academic vice of continually testing and marking of students. It destroys their zest. "Why withdraw from English 3306?" I asked another student. "I see Bernard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shaw's plays on the reading list," he replied, "and I want to enjoy them." "But why withdraw?" "Oh, come on," he reproached me, "with mid-terms, finals and a term paper? And a mark?" Like him, too many students turn off. They will turn on again when another subject liberates higher education. The only one now ready to do so is art.

Art has been on the campuses for a long time. Students performed music in colonial days, as when President Witherspoon brought his bride back to Princeton and an instrumental ensemble serenaded the pair from the belfry of Nassau Hall. For a few decades before the Civil War, college histories record a growth of student art, probably influenced by John Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites. According to historian Frederick Rudolph, students in the 1850s founded, organized, and financed the museum that still flourishes at Williams College. In addition to providing a collection of masters, they displayed their own work, including the design of a gymnasium for the college.

At length, the arts were allowed into the curriculum—reluctantly. In 1874, the Harvard catalogue announced two new courses for undergraduates, one a studio course in drawing and painting, the other art history "as related to literature." The studio did not flourish. Until today, at Harvard and elsewhere, candidates for the liberal arts bachelor's degree have been allowed only a few credits for studio work. If they want more, they are urged, often condescendingly, to enroll in a professional art school.

But art history has prospered. It is bookish; it can be analyzed and talked about by scholars. Students can be set to reading and writing about it. It has been made into a specialty, and few artists teach it. One sculptor who does said to me of his art history colleagues, "They hate art." They admit it to their departmental curriculum only if it is emasculated. A liberal arts student can study, even major in, musicology or dramatic literature, but he can get little or no academic credit for taking music or drama. He can, indeed, use the new art facilities, containing studios, practice rooms, and theatres if he attends Marietta, Harvard, St. Lawrence, Birmingham Southern, and hundreds of other colleges. He can even study under real artists. But he soon perceives that the general faculty, as well as the art historians, musicologists and professors of dramatic literature, Jim Crow these intruders and refuse to recognize as academically meaningful the creative work they direct. I once heard an eminent musicologist snort with contempt over the growing enrollment of string players at his university's conservatory.

This pride will have its fall as more students, their eyes opened by the campus revolution to the artificiality of traditional studies, rediscover creative art. Some already see it not as an academic option but as a revolutionary act. After Columbia's first "bust," a student changed his program from doctoral work in history to master's work in painting. "I began to resent all those learned, witty men condescending to me." At the same time, an undergraduate majoring in political science rescheduled his senior year to include all the work he could get credit for in sculpture. Another chose to study welding, a technique that has become very popular among college art students. One of his pieces was displayed in a show sponsored by the School of Art. It is a crucifixion —its material, automobile springs.

When denied art as academic work, students get it on their own. They found societies, not only to show but to make films. At some large universities they present three or four dozen plays each year. They publish scores of magazines of poetry and fiction. College newspapers run series by student photographers who try to catch the moods of people and the grace of things around college. Seniors replace the Edwardian material of the usual yearbook with Aquarian art and writing.

Even campus confrontation can be theatre, if not dance. A crowd of protesters in their buckskin jackets, obsolete military uniforms, beads, head bands, striped bell bottoms, battered top hats, and boots does look like the cast of an opera. One journalist called such demonstrations "The Choreography of Confrontation." Campus protest is a challenge to our society to improve. It is a demand by young people for power. Even more, it is an expression of their need for new roles, new forms, new style.

On or off campus, this generation is resourceful in finding outlets for protest against the corruption they think they see in American culture. They retreat: into drugs or Canada, into the science fiction and fantasy literature which fills 50 feet of shelves of a well-stocked college bookstore, or onto a motorcycle—today's counterpart for Pegasus. They retaliate: with the boom-boom of rock music, with expert draft counseling, or with the ritualistic sacking of poky communities like Zap, N.D., the village overwhelmed in last year's "Zap-In." They reconstruct: through communes which make a simple product or provide a simple neighborhood service (Columbia's Career Information librarian says these enterprises are multiplying fast); through groups formed to speak, write, and work for ecology (stimulated at Columbia by the news that as a polluter of New York City air the university ranks second only to Consolidated Edison); or through efforts to make their employers give up antiquated ways, like the young insurgents in the State Department who caucused last year to protest its stagnation.

But whatever else they do, increasing numbers broadcast their protest by a different, a more natural, or a more beautiful personal style.

So why wouldn't those who stay on campus press for more art? Press, that is, for the real thing, not the pedantry of art history or the professionalism and commercialism of the concert halls and symphonies, the galleries and museums, or Broadway.

Students demand creative art because it is the most social of the academic disciplines. It counteracts the privacy of their other academic work. A student who writes up her analysis of the surface tension of a soap bubble, or another who reconstructs the geography of *Finnegans Wake,* works only for the attention of an instructor, who then responds with a few scribbles in the margin. It is scarcely plausible that students would read their course papers to friends for the pleasure of sharing the ideas. But they paint, act, compose, or dance for a number of others in the college community. They must display their work, or perform it for an audience; many fellow students enjoy it, some dislike it. In artistic creation, a personality converses freely with the world.

Students also want art as mind expansion, for that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deeper knowledge which some think they can get only through drugs. Call it meaning. Most academic study now excludes meaning at any effective level. Says a sophomore studying philosophy: "My instructors consider it a scholar's game." A senior in engineering sums up: "Through all my four years only one of the faculty tried to relate his course to other subjects." Graduate study is no better. A student seeking an advanced degree in sociology notes: "We get methodology and theory galore, but the department despises social workers."

College students want creative art because its value is immediate. Most of them come from the middle class or are being groomed for it. They have been trained to the Puritan ethic: work not for joy today but for salvation tomorrow. So they study their way through high school and college to amass credentials, always preparing themselves to survive a sorting out, whether for their education or their vocation. Getting in line for Judgment Day!

But in their art courses they do the work for the doing of it. Its value lies in the execution; judgment and reward are immediate; salvation comes not tomorrow but today when someone sees or hears what they've done and says, "Good."

Finally, students want art because it helps them find out who they are. One of the main functions of schools and colleges has always been to prevent that discovery. Fortunately, ever since the Babylonians, many of the younger generation have nevertheless sought it. Today, in reaction against the most massive academic and social system in history, the young are striving more vehemently than ever to identify themselves. No wonder they turn to art.

"You've got to think a lot about what's inside you before you dare show it to other people," warned a Columbia College sophomore. He was prowling around campus, movie camera in hand, starting on his term assignment in Film R402x, "The Documentary." I left him shooting an argument between some touch football players and a gardener who was supposed to seed a patch of lawn they were churning into March mud.

What is the danger that the arts, like the other seminal disciplines before them, will be corrupted by the academicians? Instead of helping man grow greater, will they also be used to socialize an elite or drill a meritocracy? I believe not. I believe art will become academically domesticated without suffering the damage that befell the classics and the sciences. In all three disciplines, excellent work requires study, order and no little pain. But art must also be approached as play. In the classics and science, at the level where Erasmus or Einstein fulfilled himself, play is essential. But it is essential in art at the level where you and I come in. Art is too lively to be sanctified.

Instead, it can restore the balance in education between mind and spirit. It can enliven science with more wonder at the beauty of the universe; it can fire the humanities with more passion; it can wake the social and behavioral scientists from their nightmare in which society appears as a crushing juggernaut and let them see it as an absorbing tragicomedy. Art can draw the faculty away from their wizardry. It can give the students that gift for which King Solomon prayed—an understanding heart. □

ZAMBIA TO TANZANIA

Chinese Working on the Railroad

THOMAS LAND

Mr. Land is a political journalist usually based in London who recently visited Central Africa.

China's biggest single overseas aid commitment, challenging Western influence in independent Africa, recalls the great railroad-building days of North America and Australia, when the tracks were laid ahead of population and became the main instrument of development.

The $400-million railway project to link the Zambian copper belt with the rain-swept Tanzanian port of Dar es Salaam on the Indian Ocean could well lead to an immense political defeat for the West. Yet it is still possible even at this late stage, to turn the Chinese project, the very cornerstone of the diplomatic structure Peking is now erecting in Africa, into a multilateral venture of good will.

A railway line from the copper belt far into the northwest was originally planned by Cecil Rhodes, the Briton who created Rhodesia and planted the seeds of today's rebellion there. Paradoxically, it was Rhodesia's unilateral declaration of independence on November 11, 1965, upholding Rhodes's principle of white supremacy that has brought the Chinese railway personnel to Africa. Chou En-lai, the Chinese Prime Minister, had visited ten countries on the continent during the previous year, declared Africa "ripe for revolution" and thoroughly upset his hosts who resented his (largely accurate) public prophecy of their overthrow. On his second African safari a few months later, the Chinese leader managed to get only one invitation, from Tanzania.

But things then suddenly looked up for Peking. Landlocked Zambia, which produced well over 13 per cent of the world's copper, had relied on railway communication to the seas and the world markets, through Rhodesia and to a lesser extent on the Anglo-Portuguese Benguela railway via the Congo and Angola. When Rhodesia came under the trade sanctions, it punished its northern neighbor in kind. An Anglo-American-Canadian airlift was mounted, ferrying fuel into Zambia, but the African dream of the Zambia-Tanzania railway, whose financing had been rejected by the West, now became an urgent project. And China offered to put up the money.

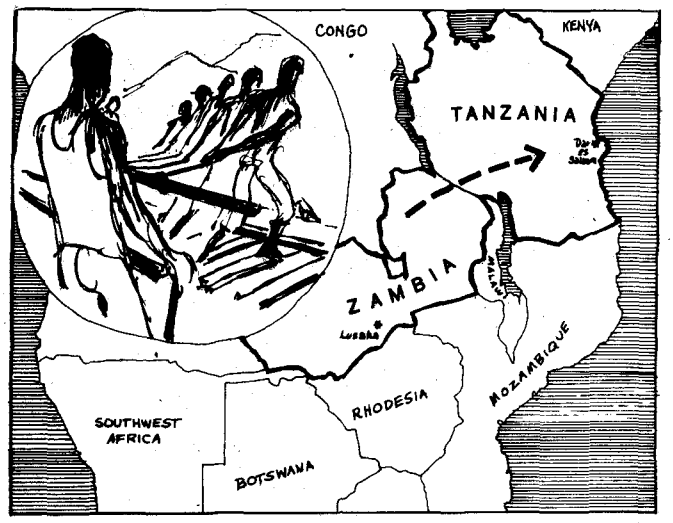
The Rhodesian rebellion also stimulated the nationalist guerrilla movements of Southern Africa, to which the Chinese became the chief suppliers of military hardware.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Dar es Salaam for a time broke diplomatic relations with London over the handling of the Rhodesia affair, Peking again took over the financing of various development projects in Tanzania.

Indeed, Rhodesia has made the Chinese respectable in independent Africa. And the trend may well intensify now that Peking has decided to end its self-imposed isolation by sending back the twenty-four ambassadors it withdrew from various capitals during the cultural revolution three years ago.

On his anticipated third African safari, the Chinese Prime Minister will be able to inspect a shipyard and textile mill his country recently built in the Congo (Brazzaville), a cultural center in Mauritania, a peanut-oil



factory in Guinea. The Chinese run permanent medical missions in Mauritania, Algeria, Mali and Somalia. They have just signed an agreement with Guinea for permanent medical cooperation.

Both Zambia and Tanzania made clear that they preferred Western capital assistance for the construction of the railroad. Even after China had offered to build the line, the African partners accepted an Anglo-Canadian feasibility survey. There was talk of a development consortium involving London, Washington, Ottawa, Bonn and possibly Tokyo, but the plan came to nothing.

The 1,060-mile line will take at least five years to build. It will follow roughly the route projected by the Anglo-Canadian survey team, whose secret report, I understand, favored the project. In the wake of the lightning journey of these Western specialists, a team of Chinese surveyors picked its way across the African bush. Its members gave medical treatment to the villagers they met; they built minor bridges and roadworks; they conducted classes in Swahili. But there is no sign that the villagers—most of them still outside the modern money economy of their countries—developed as a result strong impressions on the relative merits of communism and capitalism.

The Chinese-made tracks are being ferried to Dar es Salaam by freighters colorfully decorated with quotations from the Thoughts of Chairman Mao. The African labor force, roughly 30,000, supervised by up to 3,000 Chinese railway engineers and technicians, will live in mobile camps, often in big-game country seldom crossed by human beings. The supervisors will probably eat the same food and work the same hours as the laborers. No doubt, they will allocate time for ideological instruction.

The construction methods employed will be deliberately backward, both because of the availability of cheap labor and the shortage of jobs in Africa, and in order to save capital investment in heavy building equipment. But the railway itself, based on big diesel locomotives and planned for a 3-million-ton capacity either way, will be most modern.

Its construction is certain to accelerate the social revolution already sweeping Central Africa by creating more urban employment—and incidentally increasing the pressure on the essential and inadequate social services available in the cities. Copper mining is sufficiently profitable to justify even the airlift of copper at times of political disorder. The establishment of reliable and inexpensive access to the sea is therefore likely to result in a flood of investment in new mines and smelting works.

Many fear that the Africans may have to pay dearly for the long-term, "interest-free" loan provided by China for the railway. But President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia says: "Seventy years under colonial rule did not change us into capitalists; and five years cannot change us into Communists." And Dr. Julius Nyerere of Tanzania adds: "The Chinese will learn that if they want to control us, they will get into trouble."

The line will originate at the small Zambian railway junction of Kapiri Mposhi, about 120 miles north of Lusaka. It is likely to be turned into a major commercial center by the Chinese railway. The line will also create new settlements and enlarge little towns at present restricted by their isolation, such as tobacco-rich Mkushi and Serenje.

On crossing the border, the railway will cut through the rough, mountain country of southern Tanzania, make accessible extensive deposits of coal, accelerate the development of Mbeya, Makumbako and Ngwasa areas and, assuming an eventual program to eradicate the tsetse fly, open up potentially rich agricultural regions. The port of Dar es Salaam, already overloaded by the heavy road traffic from Zambia, would be extended.

The construction of the rail link will necessitate the extension of the port from the present three to an estimated eighteen deep-water berths. And the Chinese loan is insufficient to cover the extra expenditure. Thus the Africans are on the lookout again for development capital to complete the project. This gives the West its final opportunity to turn, at relatively little cost, a political disaster into a constructive, multilateral venture of good will. If it has the wisdom to do so. □

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation*'s mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with *any* correspondence about address changes, renewals, etc.—please enclose the address label from your *Nation*. If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and *be sure it is correct*. Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Potential of Human Potential

ENCOUNTER. *By John Mann. Grossman Publishers. 235 pp. $6.95.*

MARATHON 16. *By Martin Shepard, M.D. and Marjorie Lee. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 253 pp. $6.95.*

PLEASE TOUCH. *By Jane Howard. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 271 pp. $6.95.*

SAD NUN AT SYNANON. *By Barbara Leslie Austin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 186 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT CLAIBORNE
Mr. Claiborne is a writer and editor specializing in the sciences and their interaction with society. His most recent book is Climate, Man, and History *(W. W. Norton).*

Despite faltering stocks and burgeoning bankruptcies, America still has at least one growth industry. The "T-groups," encounters, marathons and "sensitivity training" workshops that make up the so-called human-potential movement still spread across the landscape like real estate developments in Southern California. Like any expanding commercial (or social) movement, "human potential" is creating its own mythology and literature, of which the four books considered here are probably typical.

John Mann portrays a semi-fictional "weekend with intimate strangers," into which the reader is supposed to be drawn as a quasi-active participant. Using both dialogue and interior monologue, he tries hard to create characters believable enough for his readers to get involved with; had he been a skilled novelist, he just might have brought it off. Unfortunately, he isn't.

Shepard and Lee, covering much the same ground, are more modest in their aim and succeed far better. They do not explicitly seek to "involve" the reader, merely to convey what a weekend marathon is like—using tape transcriptions of one. The result has all the banality, humor, bathos and nuttiness of real life. Some of the participants are likable, some (like "Little Prince," a self-dramatizing female flower child) are irritating, some (like "Bernard," a humorless, sex-obsessed pathologist) are plain tedious. Nothing terribly dramatic happens, and at the end nobody's life seems to have been radically changed, but the reader is left with the conviction that this was indeed the weekend that was.

Jane Howard, in her "guided tour of the human-potential movement," has turned in a first-rate job of journalism—perceptive, often witty, and with a fine balance between the necessary ingredients of personal involvement and professional detachment. She did not cover all the ground or ask all the important questions, but her book is still the best available introduction to what she accurately calls an "epidemic of . . . programs, reminiscent at once of systems analysis and social science and snake oil." Not the least of her book's virtues is her clear awareness that the snake oil is there, that human potential, like any business, has its share—probably a bit more than its share—of phonies and fast-buck operators.

Barbara Leslie Austin, the "sad nun" of her atrociously alliterative title, has produced a very personal account of a summer spent teaching, and learning, at Synanon, the famous center for addict rehabilitation which is now rapidly becoming the home of a cult. The main theme of her story—a sensitive young nun's discovery of her own sexuality—is perceptively and delicately conveyed, but is perhaps a bit too specialized a subject for wide appeal.

More interesting to me were her reactions to Synanon itself. Reading them, I was suddenly struck by the group's resemblance to a Marine Corps boot camp. There is the same ritualized obscenity—leading to what might be called the cheapening of dirty words. There is the same sadistic hazing of the new recruit, and the same intense in-group loyalty and contempt for the outsider. There is also the same *machismo*; women are judged in terms of how much "support" they give their men, or—in Miss Austin's case, and to her understandable irritation—whether they have been had by a man. There is, finally (and to an even greater extent than in most armies) the *carrière ouverte aux talents,* in which every junkie-recruit carries a Trip Leader's or Administrator's baton in his knapsack.

Like the Army, Synanon can "make a man out of" mighty unpromising human material—the junkies, winos, and other losers who are too immature to function outside an authoritarian and tightly structured environment. The rest of us are likely to find it, as did Miss Austin (she is no longer a nun), an interesting and educational place to visit but hardly one to live in. We may also wonder, as she evidently does, whether there isn't something amiss with the human potential of a group where "casual sex is almost the rule, kids are separated from their parents, and cruelty . . . is commended," one that operates on the dogmatic assumption that "you can't have much love unless you have an equal amount of hate."

For good or evil, however, Synanon is not really typical of the groups described in the other three books. Just what are they, what sort of people do they appeal to, and what—if anything—do they do for their participants or for society at large?

Glancing through Miss Howard's useful appendix of "Growth centers and kindred establishments," one finds them ranging from individual enterprises such as Nexus (El Cajon, Calif.) and Center of Man (Micanopy, Fla.) to the large and corporate National Training Laboratories, which in addition to its Washington, D.C., headquarters maintains branches in Missouri, Oregon, Maine, Utah (two) and California (two). Nearly all the groups—NTL being a major exception—are concentrated in California and the New York metropolitan area—which are the two centers of the new, swinging, affluent life style. The implications of geography are confirmed by the fact that people met in the pages of Howard, Mann, and Shepard and Lee are virtually all white, upper middle class and prosperous. Considering that exploring one's potential in these groups requires both leisure and money, this selectivity is hardly surprising; what is surprising is the fact that neither the groups nor their members seem at all aware of just how selective they are. (Mike Murphy, founder of Esalen Institute, once wrote with delicious naïveté of his clients: "They come from all walks of life, from businesses, universities, law offices, kitchens—and from Haight Asbury [*sic*].")

Even more unexpected are the things that trouble—and, especially, don't trouble—these affluent people. They worry about their feelings toward their marital or quasi-marital partners, about whether they are enjoying sex enough,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or with the right person, or with too many or too few people; they worry about whether their buttocks are too big or their penises too small. Virtually none of them, on the other hand, seems to have problems with his kids, to be trapped in a dull or meaningless job or a suburban kitchen, to be oppressed by stultifying institutions or a nasty boss.

At this point my credence expires; I simply don't believe that even the highly selected people involved in potential seeking are quite so restricted in their problems. If they see their difficulties as overwhelmingly personal (and mainly sexual), as involving the self in isolation from society, the reason, I suggest, is that the ideology, techniques and leadership of the therapy groups have imposed tunnel vision upon them. The human-potential movement appears to operate mostly on the assumption that what matters is how you feel about yourself; how the other individuals and groups in your world feel about you, what they do to you or for you, and what you do to them, are—at best—matters of secondary importance. It's all in the mind—your mind.

Whether an approach so restricted in what it seeks (and therefore, of course, in what it finds) is likely to improve the lives of its participants significantly, is arguable; whether in fact it has improved anyone's life is not arguable because the data do not exist. Of all the people mentioned in these three books, I recall not one concerning whom I could be reasonably clear about what was wrong with his life before he entered a group or how it had improved (or how long the improvement lasted) afterward.

Oddly enough, some leaders in the human-potential field are even more dubious than I about the value of what they, or at least their competitors, are doing. Thus Robert Blake, a partner in Scientific Methods, Inc. (which does it all with charts, rating scales and something called "Grid labs") says flatly: "Human relations training that mucks around with emotion gives people a walloping good cathartic time, but it isn't worth a tinker's damn." I rather think he has a point, though I also wonder what Blake himself thinks *he* is doing, if he isn't mucking around with emotion—apart, that is, from getting rich (he is reputed to be the only behavioral scientist who has made a million).

Of course, the changes wrought by groups in their participants are, inevitably, elusive and hard to assess objectively. And if, as Miss Howard says, much of the existing research on the subject is "inconclusive, contradictory, and written in lamentable style," these qualities are rather widely found in social science research of all sorts. What is more troubling is that some leaders of human-potential groups seem quite unconcerned about the lack of information on what they are accomplishing. "The only data that really count," said one, "is whether the guy liked it or not."

By this standard, at least, the groups are a whacking success. Most participants do like the experience, and many are moved to repeat it as often as possible. As Duke University's Kurt Back dryly remarks, "The most predictable behavioral change is that they'll be back next year." Or, in the words of one inveterate grouper, "It's a pretty safe $300 a year habit." Whatever else the groups are doing, they are rapidly replacing psychoanalysis—and supplementing pot—as the opium of the sophisticated middle class. By the same token, the more conservative, "organizational development" wing of the movement (which includes Blake's Scientific Methods, Inc.) appears to be replacing motivational research as the opium of the corporate bureaucrats—a new kind of reassurance that they really know what they're doing and why, apart from profits and capital gains, they're doing it. (Not that balance-sheet considerations are excluded; Leland Bradford of National Training Laboratories has said of his corporate clients that "in almost every case the stock of the company has gone up"—a boast that may not have survived the current recession.)

Yet though much of the present human-potential movement is essentially a new toy pacifier for affluence, personal or corporate, I think it would be a mistake to drop the matter there. Religion, as we have learned from the examples of Martin Luther King and Pope John XXIII, need not be opium; it can awaken as well as tranquilize. And human potential, I think, possesses its own awakening, even radicalizing potential, though few of its practitioners seem aware of the fact.

(This thought will come as no surprise to the radical Right, which, as Miss Howard notes, already sees the movement as a Communist-inspired blend of brainwash and sex orgy. Here as elsewhere, the Right credits the Left with far more enterprise than it actually possesses. The notion that American Communists of any sort would have the imagination to employ human-potential techniques could occur only to a Bircher.)

The liberating possibilities of human-potential groups is suggested by a number of things. First, there are the unfortunate experiences that some corporations have had with it. A *Wall Street Journal* survey cites the cases of several businessmen who, in Miss Howard's words, "went into T-groups autocratic, tough, and competitive, and came back so radically changed that they lost their jobs." According to the *Journal*, many corporations have therefore "turned away from the free-swinging, traditional T-groups to carefully planned sessions dealing . . . with specific company problems." And a General Electric spokesman is quoted as saying flatly that sensitivity training must be "designed to change an individual, not necessarily change the environment he works in"—to whittle the peg, not redrill the hole. A movement that can, even occasionally, radically change autocratic, tough businessmen can't be written off as merely a toy; what's bad for General Electric may be good for the rest of the country.

A prototype of what a radicalizing human-potential movement might be like can be found in the "consciousness-raising" activities of some Women's Liberation groups. These meetings, as near as I can make out (I have not, of course, been permitted to attend any), are devoted to discussing the participants' experiences as women, and in particular the personal frustrations and injustices they have suffered on account of their sex. With admirable concreteness, they concentrate on the particulars of their own lives, as a means of understanding the problems of women in general. A still earlier analogue can be found in a device invented by the Chinese Communists (now, of course, swept away by the cult of Chairman Mao)—the "speak bitterness" meeting. Here, peasants were encouraged to recount publicly their own mistreatment at the hands of landlords and bureaucrats, as a way of strengthening the entire village's determination to resist oppression.

In both cases, clearly, the aim is much the same as in many human-potential groups: to release people's real feelings about themselves and their lives. But the politicalized groups do much more, for they seek to focus the released feelings of anger, frustration and bitterness *on the specific individuals and institutions that have engendered them*, thereby fusing personal consciousness with radical, revolutionary consciousness. The human-potential and consciousness-raising groups both deal with people who feel that, in one way or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another, they have been short-changed by life. But where the former says, in effect, "You've really been short-changing yourself," the latter says, "You've been short-changed by society"—and spells out the specific social patterns and institutions that are responsible.

A human-potential group that does not recognize explicitly and specifically that the problems of its members derive at least as much from their social existence as from their consciousness (or unconsciousness), has limited its own capacity for liberating people. By the same token, a radical group that ignores the particularities of its own members, and fails to base its program and activities on their personal experiences, feelings and needs, will inevitably founder in an ideological morass. (Marge Piercy, a Women's Liberation leader and sometime SDS stalwart, believes—correctly, I think—that the latter organization's collapse into jargon and revolutionary rhetoric derives in part, at least, from its near-total domination by men.)

The human-potential and consciousness-raising movements both start, as they should, with the question: What does it mean to be human—and what could it, should it mean? But the answer is neither wholly general nor wholly personal. What we need to ask ourselves and our fellows is what it means to be a teacher, if we are teachers; to be a doctor, a toolmaker, a cop, a woman, a black man, a black woman. Asking these questions, drawing from them a renewed sense of our own unrealized potentialities, we may be led to ask further questions about who and what has spindled, folded, and mutilated our humanity. If and when Americans by the millions begin asking these questions, and demanding responsive answers, there will be no need to talk about "realizing human potential"; it will be happening. □

Criticism: What Do We Want?

LITERARY CRITICISM: An Introductory Reader. *Edited by Lionel Trilling. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 629 pp. $9.95.*

M. L. ROSENTHAL
Mr. Rosenthal is a teacher, critic and poet. His latest book is Beyond Power: New Poems *(Oxford).*

Lionel Trilling's anthology of criticism shows what can happen when an informed intelligence mates with an obscure purpose. A note in small type on the copyright page all but disclaims responsibility for the offspring: "This volume was prepared as a textbook for use in literary courses, its contents being selected with this particular audience in mind. It was not designed for general distribution and certainly it was not intended to represent the editor's final preference among writers of criticism. But in view of what seems to be its interest for the general reader, it has been decided to offer it for general publication."

The strangled, passive-impassive-impersonal construction that ends this note betrays the uncertainty of the undertaking. *Though* the book was made for students, it may interest everyone else as well, *but* if it does, please remember that it does not represent the editor's "final" choice. That last point is as troublesome as the style, for why make a book that doesn't show one's actual convictions? Again, in his preface, Mr. Trilling stresses that he intends the collection for the beginner rather than for the "committed" student of literature. He has omitted deeply analytical critics like Burke and Empson—critics of the sort, as he himself points out, that have gained the day for criticism in our teaching methods—because they assume more knowledge of literature "than the beginning students can supply." The same reason, interesting the beginner, accounts for the historical distribution: two ancients (Aristotle and Plato), one medieval writer (Dante), three critics from the 17th and 18th centuries (Dryden, Johnson, Schiller), nine from the last century, and twenty-six from our own.

I am going to resist discussing the selections in their own right. For the most part, Mr. Trilling has shown the taste and intellectual breadth we would expect of him—that is not really the question. If he includes blossoms available in every comparable bouquet, like the *Poetics* of Aristotle, he gives us Hazlitt's comment on *Coriolanus* as well, with its brilliant insight into the dangerous appeal of aristocracy and power to the poetic imagination. (I wish he had added Keats's defense of Hazlitt against the Philistine misinterpreters, for it would have shown a special awareness of the practicing poet. But it is only fair to note that the book does include criticism by a number of poets and novelists.) And it is good to have important statements by A. C. Bradley, F. R. Leavis, Erich Auerbach, Ronald Crane and Northrop Frye brought together in the same book.

Good for *me*, that is, for I already have a great interest in, and admiration for, each of these critics, and cherish some points of difference with them as well. But what about the general reader and the uncommitted beginner? Is either of them likely to curl up in bed or bath with Aristotle, Auerbach or Frye? Will he get a warm, cozy feeling from Mr. Trilling's introductory lecture on the judicial function of criticism and on its shifting contexts and emphases through the ages? Familiar as these thoughts are to critics and teachers, they are likely, even when stated with Mr. Trilling's learned authority, to arouse attention only in someone who has already "committed" himself a certain distance along the way.

The real problem is that it is such a rarity for a textbook to be offered to the common reader and to be reviewed as if it were a "trade book." A deplorable situation, for a few, at least, of our best books are in fact textbooks. If they are written to instruct, they do not fail to delight as well, and sometimes they display passion and even virtues like nobility, generosity and courage. It is absurd that the rest of the intellectual and literary community should remain unaware of their existence. It is equally absurd that textbooks, despite their crucial importance to education, should be for the most part immune to the corrective opinion of that community. Mr. Trilling's book has been tossed up, by some arbitrary principle, into the vacuum. Unintentionally, it becomes a symbol of certain ambiguities in the educational as in the critical situation.

Not to labor the point, it bears a certain relationship to the problem posed by the beginning undergraduate in serious liberal arts colleges today. Possessing more general sophistication than his predecessors, he is also likely to have acquired more set attitudes toward art. It is harder to get him to strip himself of preconceptions and become sensitively informed by a poem or novel or play—the simplest, most elusive, most essential of critical tasks. While the most intellectual among Mr. Trilling's readers will certainly relish the vivacity of the selections from Plato, Valéry, Lawrence, Sartre and others, the book will not, by its whole orientation, generate a specific desire to experience works directly, in their own right and in terms of their own process. It is not *pointed* toward the examen, whether of the sort that Longinus gives of Sappho's "Peer among gods he seems" and Dryden gives of Jonson's *The Silent Woman* in the older literature, or like the analytical discus-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion at the heart of so much modern criticism. Nor does it include the kind of criticism that writers make of one another, recognizing an important presence yet ruthless about defects—Laforgue, say, on Corbière, or Pasternak on Mayakovsky, or Stevens on Williams.

It is of some interest, too, that, except for Alain Robbe-Grillet and Susan Sontag, there is no critic represented who is not at least in his late 50s. This is unfortunate in a book intended to win the beginner to criticism. It seems to me that the approach through general principles primarily, rather than through the particular, probably encourages this error. Doesn't some involvement with our contemporary idiom and pace help to engage us with the living meaning of literature? Wouldn't it have helped, despite the "solemn Musick" of the word "great," to leaven the editor's own prose a bit in such a sentence as this one?—"For the student, discourse about literature in its generality as well as in its particularity, about literature conceived as a great continuous human enterprise, its greatness attested to by the serious and subtle thought that has been given its nature and function, has the effect of making his response to literature and its pleasure the more readily accessible."

Right! But as to the whither and the whence of our current theory of literary education, and, incidentally, of the textbooks thereunto appertaining, has there been any real discussion of these and kindred matters—outside of individual university departments, if indeed *inside* many of them—since the last war? □

The Novel in the Drawer

ISLANDS IN THE STREAM. *By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. 466 pp. $10.*

BERNARD OLDSEY
Mr. Oldsey teaches English at West Chester State College. His latest book is a novel, The Spanish Season *(Harcourt, Brace & World).*

Ernest Hemingway once declared that a writer's best gift was "a built-in, shockproof shit detector." He himself had a good one and he was not above using those of others, like Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein and F. Scott Fitzgerald. So just a certain amount of bad Hemingway was published during his lifetime—mainly during his *Esquire* period, and then later in *The Fifth Column* and *Across the River and Into the Trees.* Now more of it than has ever before been brought together in one book has been published as something of a novel, *Islands in the Stream.*

According to Philip Young and Charles Mann's inventory of the Hemingway manuscripts, there had been until now some 3,000 pages of unpublished writings. The present "novel" is made up of sections that Hemingway had labeled variously as "Sea Novel" and "The Island and the Stream"—all of which amounted to three segments of seventeen, four and twenty-one chapters in manuscript. Mary Hemingway and Charles Scribner, Jr., took upon themselves the unenviable task of bringing these materials together and editing them into book shape. No one will doubt the difficulty of such a task (and we will have no way of truly evaluating the job until the manuscripts are available for study); but no one who reads the book will doubt, either, that those responsible should have sent out for one of Hemingway's detectors.

For though it is a pleasure to hear Hemingway's voice once more, *Islands in the Stream* is too often mawkish, sentimental and tasteless—particularly in a long dialogue between the protagonist, Thomas Hudson, and a Cuban prostitute called "Honest Lil," but also in love scenes between Hudson and his cat Boise, and Hudson and his first wife. Those who have always objected to the exaggerated concern for masculinity in Hemingway's fiction, as well as those who have viewed him as a dumb ox of a writer with but one or two crude thoughts to express, are going to use these passages as a concluding "I told you so." Those who saw him develop a style that was in itself an ethic and a way of life will wince to see the style wasted.

Hemingway must have understood that this material was not worth publishing, or not ready for publishing. He worked at it from 1947 to 1951, and probably longer. He published *Across the River and Into the Trees* (1950) and *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952); he was severely criticized for the first and received the Nobel Prize after the second (1954). So it is not improbable that he withheld the present material because it was not finished and because, even with more work, it might have damaged his shaken and re-established reputation. But there could very well be another reason: these manuscripts were even more rawly autobiographical than his usual fiction.

Thomas Hudson is a hardly disguised Hemingway—a world-famous painter, living in Cuba and Bimini, who has three sons and has had three wives. The first section of *Islands in the Stream,* "Bimini," details a period when Hudson has all three of his sons with him for an extended visit, just before the outbreak of World War II. From the very beginning the prose is familiarly good, and consistent with the kind of description Hemingway said he learned to do from painters:

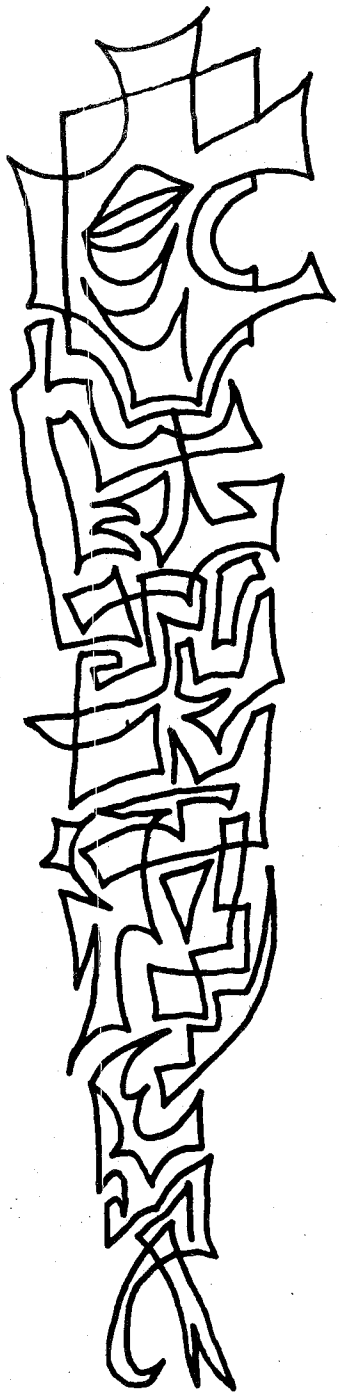
> The house was built on the highest part of the narrow tongue of land between the harbor and the open sea. It had lasted through three hurricanes and it was built solid as a ship. It was shaded by tall coconut palms that were bent by the trade wind and on the ocean side you could walk out of the door and down the bluff across the white sand and into the Gulf Stream. The water of the Stream was usually a dark blue when you looked out at it when there was no wind. But when you walked out into it there was just the green light of the water over that floury white sand and you could see the shadow of any big fish a long time before he could ever come in close to the beach.

Also familiar in this section of the book is a pattern that Hemingway developed in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," and employed in a fine posthumous publication, *A Moveable Feast. A la recherche du temps perdu,* Thomas Hudson and his oldest son reminisce about Paris, Gstaad, and the Arlberg, and friends like "Mr. Pound," "Mr. Joyce," and "Mr. Ford" (Madox Ford). But what is not familiar—in fact is markedly absent from almost all of his fiction—is the paternal love of "Papa" Hemingway, which here produces some happy and humorous family vignettes, as well as a long episode, a tribute to a son, that might have been subtitled "The Young Man and the Sea," and deserves to be read as a companion piece to old Santiago's story.

The second section of the book is named "Cuba," where Hudson lives in a house very much like the *finca* in which Hemingway lived. He has also recently been deserted by a third wife who sounds to me like Martha Gellhorn, and is later joined by his first wife, who seems to be the fictional *enjambement* of Hadley Richardson and the author's good friend Marlene Dietrich. Even more certainly autobiographical is Hudson's involvement in espionage and sub-chasing activities of the very kind Hemingway engaged in during the early days of World War II, when he had his yacht *Pilar* equipped with makeshift depth

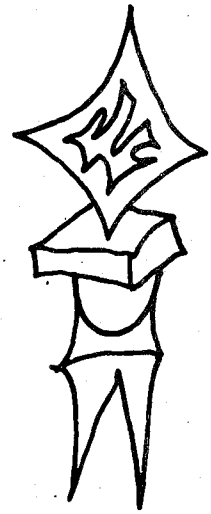
(Continued on page 378)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GALAXY-GRAM FROM EARTHSPY ISBN08070 . . . REVISE PREVIOUS DATA ON EARTHLINGS TO INCLUDE STARTLING NEW DISCOVERY THAT THE SPECIES CONSISTS OF TWO SEXES, ONE OF WHICH HAD GONE UNNOTICED BY GALACTIC OBSERVERS UNTIL BEACON PRESS'S OCTOBER PUBLICATION OF **VOICES OF THE NEW FEMINISM,** EDITED BY MARY LOU THOMPSON ($5.95 HARDCOVER #4174) . . . OUTSTANDING WRITERS OF THE PREVIOUSLY SUBMERGED SEX (CALLED WOMEN) HAVE CREATED WITH THIS BOOK A SHARP NEW EDGE FOR THEIR ATTACK ON THE PLANET'S STRANGE CUSTOM OF WASTING HALF ITS HUMAN POTENTIAL THROUGH OBSOLETE TRIBAL PATTERNS OF DISCRIMINATION . . . FROM BETTY FRIEDAN'S MAINSTREAM TO SHIRLEY CHISHOLM'S NEGLECTED GHETTO, FROM THE ANGRY RADICALISM OF ROXANNE DUNBAR TO THE ANALYTIC SOCIOLOGY OF ALICE ROSSI, THESE WRITERS SERVE NOTICE THAT THEIR REVOLUTION HAS SPREAD AMONG WOMEN OF ALL AGES AND LIFE STYLES AND WILL NOT BE QUIETED BY ANYTHING LESS THAN A FUNDAMENTAL CHANGE IN BASIC HUMAN RELATIONS . . . THEY ADD CONSTRUCTIVE SPICE TO THE BEACON CONSPIRACY WHICH HAS STIMULATED RECOGNITION OF THE PROBLEM THROUGH SUCH RECENT ANALYSES AS ROBERT LIFTON'S **THE WOMAN IN AMERICA** ($2.45 PAPERBACK #4197) AND THE 1962 PACESETTER **AMERICAN WOMEN: THE CHANGING IMAGE,** EDITED BY BEVERLY CASSARA ($4.95 HARDCOVER #4198), AND SUCH HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVES AS ALMA LUTZ'S CHRONICLE OF WOMAN'S BOLD ROLE IN THE ANTISLAVERY MOVEMENT (**CRUSADE FOR FREEDOM**—$7.50 HARDCOVER #5486) AND HER SPARKLING BIOGRAPHY ENTITLED **SUSAN B. ANTHONY** ($5.75 HARDCOVER #5488) . . . JUST AS IT DID WITH CIVIL RIGHTS (**THE NEGRO AMERICAN,** EDITED BY TALCOTT PARSONS AND KENNETH CLARK—$3.95 PAPERBACK #4183) AND STUDENT DISSENT (**THE NEW STUDENT LEFT,** EDITED BY MITCHELL COHEN AND DENNIS HALE—$4.95 HARDCOVER #0584, $1.95 PAPERBACK #0585), WITH **VOICES OF THE NEW FEMINISM** BEACON AGAIN OFFERS A MAJOR SOCIAL MOVEMENT A COMPREHENSIVE STATEMENT OF ITS OWN LOGIC AND POSSIBILITIES . . . DOES THIS MERIT FURTHER GALACTIC SCRUTINY?

ROGER, ISBN08070 . . . ZIP-ZIP TO NEAREST BOOKSTORE OR USE COUPON BELOW TO GET US BOOKS MENTIONED ABOVE AND WE'LL EVALUATE.



TO: **BEACON PRESS** • 25 BEACON ST. • BOSTON, MA 02108

PLEASE RUSH BOOKS INDICATED BELOW. FULL PAYMENT ENCLOSED.

SHIP TO:

____ COPIES #_____

____ COPIES #_____

____ COPIES #_____

____ COPIES #_____

____ COPIES #_____

_____

_____

_____

_____ ZIP_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four Poems by W. S. Merwin

THE PLACE OF BACKS

When what has helped us has helped us enough
it moves off and sits down
not looking our way

after that every time we call it
it takes away one of the answers it had given us

it sits laughing among its friends with wrong names
all of them nodding yes

if we stay there
they make fun of us
as we grow smaller because of the melting of our bones

SPRING

The glass stems of the clouds are breaking
the gray flowers are caught up
and carried in silence to their invisible mountain
a hair of music is flying
over the line of cold lakes
from which our eyes were made
everything in the world has been lost and lost
but soon we will find it again
and understand what it told us when we loved it

LETTER TO THE HEART

Again the cry that it's late
but the islands
are just beginning to rise

THE BORROWERS

Voices are rising from ground
nobody ever died for
but who can tell what they say

I even forget where I borrowed
my real feet

and I have to lend them for longer and longer
and be left meanwhile
with feet that don't know me
which in the end may be mine

when I call to them they don't hear me
they're thinking
as I am
of another slope where the people of morning
at this moment are waking with borrowed feet
that listen and know

charges, and under the guise of oceanographer went in search of German U-boats off the coast of Cuba. Carlos Baker in his biography of Hemingway makes these activities seem buffoonish and inept; and yet it is these, transmuted into fiction of fairly high order, that make for the best section of *Islands in the Stream.*

"At Sea," this third section, consists of the kind of material Hemingway could always handle well—physical action, and men without women in a quest for life surrounded by death. "Captain" Hudson (who like Harry Morgan of *To Have and Have Not* is named after a famous mariner) conducts a sea chase after some German submariners who have had to abandon their vessel and, by means of a captured turtle boat, are trying to reach friendly territory where they can seek passage back to the Fatherland. With a couple of Basques by the name of Ara and George, and a couple of Marine types named Peters and Willie, Hudson and the rest of his crew of seven give chase through reefs, keys and fading channels. The crazy-eyed ex-Marine, Willie, is a genuine hard case, an interesting variation of the "code hero" Hemingway learned to depict as matador, white hunter, and guerrilla a long time and many books ago.

Ernest Hemingway's semi-professional knowledge of the sea and his novelist's knowledge of men at war make this last section of the book worthy of canonization among his battle pieces. But what else of this book deserves to be placed within the Hemingway canon, rather than the corpus? With the exceptions noted, not much. In fact, publication of *Islands in the Stream* raises serious questions about the posthumous presentation of works an author did not see fit to publish. On the one hand, we have had the famous instances of Franz Kafka and Emily Dickinson: if their wishes had been obeyed we would have none of Kafka's novels and a thousand or so fewer of Dickinson's poems. On the other hand, we have had numerous disappointments in such matters, including the formerly suppressed works of Mark Twain, which, once published, did not particularly enhance the author's reputation.

According to Young and Mann, Mary Hemingway and her advisers at Scribner's have reached a decision regarding the principles of publishing the Hemingway material. "First, it is not contemplated that anything that would risk reduction of the author's stature will appear; second, ground rules have it that cuts may be made in original or unrevised . . . material, but nothing is to be added to what Hemingway himself wrote." Well, of course the *risk* has been taken, but the cutting that should have been done was not done. Edited to the bone, this book might have been made a representative short novel. And so perhaps some free advice against the future would be neither impertinent nor irrelevant: either engage the expert services of scholars like Young and Baker in editing down, or, and maybe better, publish all the remaining Hemingway material in suitable scholarly form as *the* papers. Readers can learn much from the bad works of good authors, but cannot learn nearly as much from what may be poorly edited bad works.

Even in its present form, *Islands in the Stream* is the work of an estimable writer. Its gaga humor belongs with that of *The Torrents of Spring*, its moribund and democratic message echoes *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* Issuing from the vaults of some Manhattan bank, Hemingway's voice is still effective, hauntingly so. It takes us back to that time in our international history when men could still play at war, although they had begun to suspect it was truly a sickness unto death. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Image of Cocteau

PROFESSIONAL SECRETS: An Autobiography of Jean Cocteau. *Edited by Robert Phelps. Translated by Richard Howard. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 331 pp. $8.50.*

FREDERICK BROWN
Mr. Brown is the author of An Impersonation of Angels: A Biography of Jean Cocteau *(Viking).*

At the end of this volume, the editor offers a mixed bouquet of glimpses, judgments and memories of Jean Cocteau by "a jury of his peers"; it includes the following excerpt from a letter of André Gide's: "Not that I do not admit, as I have long since admitted, the correctness of your maxims, but some of them seem to me less relevant to the man you are than to the man you want people to think you are. . . ."

Gide's observation could serve here as a cautionary epigraph. Mr. Phelps has seen fit to let Cocteau speak for himself without interruption, the result being an autobiography not of the man so much as of his ideal image. In a sense, this is a brilliant piece of conversation (and let it be said straight away that the translator, Richard Howard, has done it justice) wherein Cocteau gives free reign to the myths with which he shrouded, or invented, or better still, produced his life.

As if to compensate for a sense of unreality which beset him from childhood on, he engendered a style whose swift, manic tempo corresponds to the *heightened* reality he wished to impress upon his audience. One suspects that Cocteau needed to portray his world dramatically simply to see himself at all, that had he not conducted his life as if it were a *mise en scène,* he would not, in his own mind, exist. Passages like these crop up at every turn:

> I don't speak English. Chaplin doesn't speak French. And we spoke without the slightest effort. What happened? What language was it? The language of life, more alive than any other, the language born from the desire to communicate at any cost, the language of mimes, of poets, of the heart.

It may well be that Cocteau's theatricality, his extravagant protestations of love, fidelity and understanding, his snobbishness, his overblown myths, his impostures, his uninterruptable soliloquies, his daredevil escapades, were stratagems by which he sought to overcome "the difficulty of being" (as he entitled a collection of autobiographical essays), the quaking inside him. To be sure, it was a fascinating life, far more fascinating than his account of it. The imperatives of self-proof, along with his affinity to hoodlums and aristocrats alike, led him from palace boudoirs to portside hotels, from war fronts to opium dens and thieves' alleys, but, so far as his memoirs are concerned, never sufficiently into himself. Such adventures as he must have had are censored beyond recognition, garbed as parables of an Underworld, of an Unconscious whose substance he has replaced with status symbols. Being outside is being "in," and being in is being —that would seem to be the point he implicitly drives home with every half-told story. The following, from *Around the World in Eighty Days,* is fairly representative:

> We have gone around the world. In every city we have unhesitatingly followed our guides down alleys where you stumble along, lighting match after match, up rickety stairways, through muddy courtyards, stinking cellars. It was enough to explain ourselves by gestures. Such places have always been generous to us, welcoming. The sleepers who move aside to make room, their rest disturbed without complaint. . . . The heart offered in exchange for a cigarette. . . .

Cocteau does not really describe his pariahdom; he extols it. He uses it to lord it over the profane, the civilized, the rational, the protected, the powerful—in a word, the Establishment, to whom he portrays himself as an inhabitant of depths, spiritual and sociological, that are the more enviable for being unexplored.

I would therefore take issue with Mr. Phelps's contention that this book deserves to rank with Montaigne's *Essays,* Rousseau's *Confessions,* Stendhal's *Journals,* or even those of Gide. He regards Cocteau's personal history as "a cautionary tale, a fairy story, about another young Prince Charming who realized one day that the secret of life may lie beyond the classic ideal of Knowing Thyself; that, on the contrary, self-*unknowing* is closer to the heart of the mystery; and that a man's truest self-realization might require him, above all, to learn to close his eyes: to let himself be taken unawares, to follow his dark angel, to risk his illegal instincts, to trust his non-reasonable, 'invisible,' given self. So the Prince 'puts himself to sleep' and begins a new life, dangerous, imprudent, often misunderstood by others and not necessarily understood by himself, but obstinately dedicated to showing us that a man can never know his own truth, but can only embody it, accept it. *Je ne me lève jamais sans me dire: 'Tu n'y peux rien: accepte. . . .'* Every morning I tell myself, 'You can do nothing about it: submit. . . .'"

Perhaps self-unknowing is indeed a superior form of cognition which can dispense with words and unanalytically follow instinct. But Cocteau protested too much for us to credit his self-acceptance. Would he have felt the need to urge such maxims upon himself every morning, had he not failed to comply with them the day before? Cocteau lived with a stranger inside him, an "id" whose aggressions and desires, precisely because they did seem illegal, he habitually attributed to others, or else to an "infernal machine" shaping our ends: hence a lifetime of placating, disarming, amusing, which is the *real* example he set. If opium reconciled him to himself, even then it was to "another," to an impotent stand-in, an angelic replica of the man. The figure we encounter in this book cannot but reflect that forfeiture; he tells a charming tale, but he keeps his professional, and his personal, secrets. □

by MILTON J. ROSENBERG, SIDNEY VERBA, and PHILIP E. CONVERSE

Vietnam and the Silent Majority
The Dove's Guide

With a Postscript for Peace Workers by RALPH K. WHITE
Foreword by
SENATOR GEORGE McGOVERN

A HAR/ROW Book. HW/7008 Paper $1.25
At your bookseller
Harper & Row
1817 Paperback Dept. 73
49 E. 33d St., New York 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An End to Progress

THE COMING OF THE GOLDEN AGE: A View of the End of Progress. *By Gunther Stent. Natural History Press. 138 pp. $4.95.*

GINA BARI

Miss Bari is a graduate student at M.I.T., working toward a Ph.D. in cell biology.

There is an ancient Greek myth, recorded by Hesiod in the eighth century B.C., which describes the history of mankind as a series of constantly deteriorating stages. In the beginning there was the Golden Age, in which men were free from worries, disease and aging. That period ended with the opening of Pandora's box, and was succeeded by the Silver, Brass, Heroic, and finally our own Iron Age, in which men "never rest from labor and sorrow by day, and from perishing at night; and the gods lay sore trouble upon them."

Taking the Greek myth as his starting point, Gunther Stent attempts to show that human history goes through progressive stages, but that the Golden Age comes at the end rather than at the beginning of history. Mr. Stent's Golden Age, though, is hardly a paradise. It is characterized by an end to progress; man reaches his limits in understanding, in invention and in all intellectual endeavors.

Gunther Stent is known for his discoveries in molecular genetics. Looking back on the history of that field, he sees a pattern that he believes can be extended to human history in general. Accordingly, he presents the history of molecular genetics as a model for the histories of all the arts and sciences. And since he feels eminently qualified to describe the history of his own field, he hopes that at the very least his book will give his readers "a reasonably competent but brief account of one of the most important scientific developments of this century."

Stent's history of molecular genetics is indeed "reasonably competent." In the early 1900s it was recognized that inheritance seemed to follow certain laws, but the nature of the "gene," the unit of inheritance, seemed almost inexplicable. Thus physicists such as Max Delbruck and Erwin Schrodinger generated intense excitement among scientists with their suggestion that genes may obey laws other than any previously discovered in physics or chemistry. Twenty years ago the search for these new laws of biology was begun, and the search has resulted in what is believed to be a fairly detailed understanding of genetics on the molecular level. During this period DNA was discovered to be the carrier of genetic information, and its structure was elucidated. Recently, individual genes have been isolated from organisms and have even been chemically synthesized. No new laws were found, but the beauty and simplicity of the basis of life is now beginning to be understood in terms of the individual molecules of living matter. The discoveries, in this field, are amazing when one considers the nature of the physical entities studied. For example, the bacterial virus, which was so instrumental in genetic experiments, is only one ten-thousandth of a centimeter long, weighs about one-million billionth of a gram, and can be seen only under an electron microscope.

In describing the historical development of molecular genetics, Stent has provided a fascinating account of a virtual explosion in knowledge. However, when he extrapolates from this history to the history of the arts or sciences, he begins to lose credibility. Even Stent's first premise, that molecular genetics has reached its Golden Age, and that there are likely to be no surprising new discoveries in store for researchers in this field, is incorrect. One of the exciting aspects of the search for new knowledge is precisely its unpredictability. Last spring, the "central dogma" of molecular biology, which refers to the irreversible direction of information flow, was disproved. This was indeed an unpredictable surprise in what Stent considers to be a stagnant field.

Generalizing from his view of the history of his own specialty, Stent tries to show that progress in every scientific and artistic field is self-limited. While his arguments are entertaining and even at times provocative, they are by no means convincing. For example, after a lengthy discussion of why music is a pleasing art form, he describes the evolution of music from primitive redundancy to ever more sophisticated styles. Having exhausted the creative possibilities of some of the more rigid styles, music, he believes, is now evolving toward ever increasing randomness. Soon the new styles will also be exhausted. Then there will be nowhere to go, since both controlled forms and randomness will have been fully developed. Future composers will be reduced to borrowing the styles of the past.

However, it may well be that Stent is not really serious about his Golden Age. In predicting an end to progress, he refers to Henry Adams' similar views and even cites Adams' graph of the acceleration of progress. But no scientist, I should imagine, can find Henry Adams' "scientific" approach to history convincing. He was not himself a scientist, and he freely admitted his difficulties in understanding the science of his day. The fact that Stent quotes Henry Adams is almost conclusive evidence that he is not serious about his interpretation of the Golden Age, and no reader need make the mistake of ascribing more importance to it than its originator does. It seems more reasonable to say that when he departs from his excellent account of the history of molecular genetics, he is playing a philosophical game. On these terms, his book is both instructive and amusing. □

THE LINEAMENTS OF UNSATISFIED DESIRE

1.

The C.I.O.A.F.L. wants—and pronto!
New H-bomb tests.
¡Meany demands an invasion of Cuba or Laos!
On a cost-plus basis.
The League of Labor Fakers desires only
Class-collaboration and injunctions against strikes.

2.

Big Bill Haywood has planted the Red Flag
On Alpha Centauri! And Rosa Luxemburg
Has placed in permanent orbit the Communist Manifesto!

3.

Meanwhile Walter Reuther has invented compound dues.

In Hazard Kentucky the coal is, again,
Slyly invading the earth.

Thomas McGrath

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART / Lawrence Alloway

During the summer, the Emergency Cultural Government proposed that the September issues of New York's four art magazines should all carry the same cover. The image, a photograph of victims of the Song My massacre, was one that had already been used by the Art Workers' Coalition last year as an anti-war poster. Subsequently this poster was given out in the Museum of Modern Art in front of a picture from another war, Picasso's "Guernica," as part of a memorial service for dead babies, put on by the Guerrilla Art Action Group. The common cover idea collapsed when *Art in America* and *Art News* refused to go along, though *Artforum* and *Arts* were willing. It was to have served as propaganda for a week of Art for Peace exhibition in which more than forty galleries took part, selling works for the benefit of Referendum 70, a fund for peace candidates. The exhibitions proceeded as planned (September 19-26), accompanied by a sale of prints by Frank Stella and an auction at Parke-Bernet for which no commission was taken. Estimates by one of the participating dealers put the take of the triple enterprise at near $100,000, but that sounds high to me in view of the comparatively poor showing at the auction.

There has been a revival of ideology among artists, of which this is the latest episode. Artists who, as a class, had been either pragmatically detached or above the battle have turned zealously to politics, in a spirit closer to student protest than to earlier artists' commitment to communism. The ostensible starting point was January 1969 when Takis, a kinetic artist, removed one of his sculptures from an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in order to assert the artist's right of perpetual curatorship of his work, even after sale. The impact of the gesture was startling, partly because of a general malaise about the United States in war and at home, to which Takis' move was immediately linked, and partly because of the widespread desire to rabbit punch the Museum of Modern Art. Its popularity as a target is, of course, the index of its prestige; the comparative immunity of other museums is the result of indifference.

By the end of January, "a group of artists and critics" had presented the Modern with a list of Thirteen Demands, which were basically about artist participation in museum policy; also about more benefits for artists, such as rental fees. The simultaneous demand for responsibility and cake was accompanied by democratic calls for free admission at all times and special exhibition concessions for black, Puerto Rican, women and galleryless artists. By March, an organization had been formed, partly out of conscience, partly out of politics: The Art Workers' Coalition, a loose but vigorous representation of younger artists, including Carl Andre, Hans Haacke, Lucy Lippard and Tom Lloyd. In January the Metropolitan Museum also became a target, because of the misconceived "Harlem on My Mind" show which precipitated demands for black involvement, not only in black exhibitions but in policy making. This turned into something like an extension of the Columbia University/Harlem dispute about the new gymnasium, because most groups of protesters oppose the Museum's proposed expansion and demand decentralization as an alternative.

In the spring of 1969 the two themes of artists' rights and black rights came together in the demand for a Martin Luther King, Jr. wing at the Museum of Modern Art, which was to be exclusively for black and Puerto Rican art (the women having been dropped for this foray). There was a fruitless exchange between the AWC and Bates Lowry, then director of the Modern, who placidly stonewalled demands for an open meeting. Then, in June, the AWC found a new target at the Modern —the exhibition of "American Painting and Sculpture: the First Generation." The show was attacked in a way that antagonized many of the older participating artists; in any case, the attack was unfair in that the show was a serious attempt by an industrious, newly appointed director to make amends for some of the Modern's past errors and omissions. However, the celebrity of the target insured ample publicity for the Art Workers who, I suppose, were opportunistically content.

The rapidity with which these initial moves attracted cooperation from artists indicates broad support for protest. Before Takis' gesture there was the Artists and Writers Protest Group, for instance; among other activities it had been the New York representative in 1965 of Mark di Suvero's Peace Tower in Los Angeles, a Babel of art works assembled to be sold for peace causes. Various exhibitions demonstrating against the United States in Vietnam followed, one of which, "Art For Peace," held in Leon Golub's loft in November 1967, raised $12,000 by the sale of donated works. The events of 1969 solidified as fast as they did (requiring, for example, Bates Lowry's personal attention) because of the prior buildup of political commitments by artists.

In February 1970, the AWC achieved part of one of its demands—a free day at the Modern, which certainly would not have been started without the group's pressure and publicity. Following this victory, the Coalition circulated in April a series of demands to art galleries which reads as a compound of naïveté, resentment and real possibilities, no doubt reflecting different contributors, some of them neglected artists. Dealers were accused of having made of art "a purely commercial and decorative form of currency," "reinforced by manipulative art criticism." The financial program demanded that the artist get 100 per cent of the value he ascribes to the work and that "fifteen per cent additional [be] paid to the gallery;" "fifteen per cent and not more may be given by the artist to his gallery to advertise and promote his work." Such restrictions might work in a primitive society, rural or post-atomic, but if administered at present would close down art galleries which are, in fact, part of an exceptionally flexible method of distributing art and information about art. For all the democratic clichés of the pamphlets and mimeographed demands, no real alternative method of showing art to an equivalent audience has been proposed by the AWC.

Aside from extinguishing the dealer's profit and hence his incentive to work for artists, all galleries are required to have "equitable representation" of black,

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 10-19-70

333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $12.50

☐ Two Years, $23.00

☐ 6 Months, $7.50

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed

(Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....Zip No.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Puerto Rican and women artists, a regulation that would render galleries unvisitable, except by the members of each lobby. The childishness of the proposals protects the Coalition from the trouble of making them workable. Instead of attacking all dealers everywhere, a valid and worth-while target would have been the Art Dealers' Association, which has persistently failed to regulate gallery conduct or protect artists.

Another phase of protest began in May of this year when artists, dealers and sympathizers planned a general strike "in memorium to those slain in Orangeburg, S.C., Kent State, Jackson State and Augusta [and] as an expression of shame and outrage at our government's policies." What emerged was the New York Artists Strike Against Racism, Sexism, Repression, and War. May 22 was chosen as the day on which galleries and museums should close. The snowballing success of protest groups, in the art world as in colleges, shows in the name of the New York Artists Strike which, after beginning with specific purposes, dilated to become a vague revolutionary package of grievances. In response to the same crisis (essentially, the coincidence of the Cambodian invasion and the Kent State shootings), a petition in the State University at Stony Brook combined opposition to the war and indignation at the Kent State deaths with a demand for the release of Bobby Seale and a call to radicalize the high schools.

On May 22 Strike staged a sit-in on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, which was reluctant to close. In its pacific style, but not in risk, it resembled the early Southern civil rights movement. Some Strike members disrupted the annual meeting of the American Museum Association in June, but the unity provided by the original occasion had broken down and the main outcome of Strike was a group called the Emergency Cultural Government. It included Robert Morris and Poppy Johnson as co-chairmen (Miss Johnson was a former member of the Guerrilla Art Action Group), Max Kozloff and Irving Petlin. The first action of the group was in emulation of the AWC's successful fragmenting of the United States contribution to the Sao Paulo Bienal in 1969. Whether or not the *withholding* of art is actually a valid form of protest, the ECG succeeded in undermining the show planned for the American pavilion at the Venice Biennale. Either spontaneously or after pressure, many artists in a group show of prints withdrew, depleting what was already a feebly conceived exhibition. The ECG announced its function to be that of acting as "the American Artists agency for supporting, encouraging, and organizing American participation in international art events formerly sponsored by the U.S. Government." To exemplify this role the ECG undertook to sponsor a New York showing of the subverted Venetian show. It was sabotaged in its turn, however, by black artists, among them Tom Lloyd, who threatened to picket what they regarded as a white and male-oriented selection of artists. The show ended up at Museum, a downtown loft, scene of many AWC meetings, as a hodgepodge of disadvantaged artists whose presence made nonsense of the ECG's purpose.

Protests by artists have a particular difficulty that stems from the nature of their work: a painting or sculpture is an expressive structure, apart from its iconography. Successful protest art, therefore, must be compatible with the preformed traditions of the arts to which artists belong. For most artists, protest is less a change of subject matter than it is of rerouting the completed work, shifting its status as a commodity. To some of the groups with which the AWC is sympathetic, however, the relation of art to protest is no problem. To the Minister of Culture of the Black Panthers, for instance, it is quite clear that the time has come "for all progressive artists to take up their paints and brushes in one hand and their gun in the other." And with one hand they must paint pictures of "Fascist judges, lawyers, generals, pig policemen, firemen, Senators, Congressmen, governors, Presidents, et al., being punished for their criminal act against the American people and the struggling people of the world. Their bridges, buildings, electric plants, pipelines, all of the Fascist American empire must be blown up in our pictures." Not many artists will be able or willing, within the canons of their art, to depict these fantasied acts of retribution and destruction.

A fairly large show has opened at the Guggenheim Museum of sculpture by Carl Andre, a central AWC figure and, I suspect, one of the writers of the gallery demands. He persuaded the museum to do without the usual opening routine —an invited evening party, to which the artist's friends often have trouble being admitted—and had the opening run all day with free entrance instead of the usual charge for admission. This was a sweet solution of one artist-in-society problem, though on a small scale. It suggests that we might now be at a point where interference with institutional functioning will not be the ultimate test of ethical awareness. Robert Morris, formerly of the ECG, is now working to win artist representation on museum boards of trustees. That is to say, he is dealing with specifics rather than with revolutionary absolutes, an approach that may open up the possibility of a phase of change as well as of protest. □

AMERICAN DOG DAYS

There is something wrong with the dogs of America:
they bark and leap at people who walk;
American dogs know true Americans are tyred.

There is something wonderful about the young in America:
they refuse to accept it; they bark back.

Richard Weber

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES
Book 3—$2.00
All 3 books—$4.00

Frank W. Lewis
c/o 15 Lakeside Drive
Greenbelt, Md. 20770

MUSIC

FREE 64 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare **Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music.** Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. **MHS Records, Box 932-NA, New York City 10023.**

RECORDER, VIOL DA GAMBA MUSIC. Write for free current listings. **Provincetown Bookshop, 246 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass. 02657.**

VACATIONS

VERMONT WEEKENDS—220 miles Manhattan, via R. 91. **Trollhaugen Farm, Newfane, Vermont 05345.** Superb meals. 70 secluded acres. $10-18 person, private bath. Brochure. **Tel: 802-365-7635.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

MOVING can be pleasant. Call **LAKETON VANS.** Licensed, insured, reliable. Low Rates. **(212) 672-5092.**

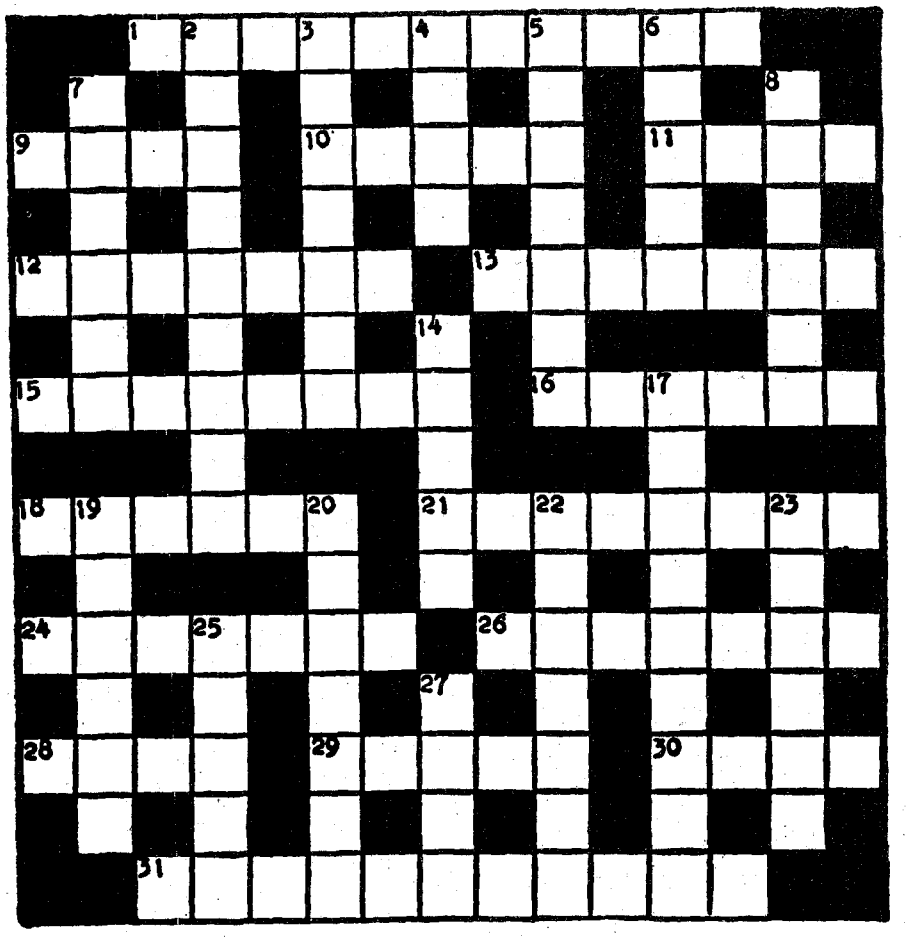
TAPES-RECORDINGS

FABULOUS OLD TIME RADIO PROGRAMS, on tape. Catalog $1.00. **The Great Radio Shows, Inc., Box 254, Woodinville, Washington 98072.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1364

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A halting gait's uncertain steps surrounding it might be written on over and over. (11)
9 When such fish go by, they should be round and plump. (4)
10 The hired help could have a flagon, if spaced out. (5)
11 Vocal tonality always has a low part. (4)
12 Not quite a whole acre acting instead of an opening in the land. (7)
13 Such a carrier is bound to be 31. (7)
15 Rather put down by the French? (8)
16 and 14 down What a horrible way to end the tournament! (6,5)
18 Feel adverse to almost anything? (6)
21 Yet the girls who always seem to be doing it in verse are not necessarily clumsy! (8)
24 Arrested for getting a little nip? (7)
26 I get right in the middle of both parties, being somewhat of the disreputable type. (7)
28 and 7 down Stare at a famous athlete and colonial administrator? (10)
29 Proving a poet can get to exist with a rather catchy thing. (5)
30 Eleven in like circumstances would be what a body might turn on. (4)
31 Having a 13, and otherwise unexcitable. (5-6)

DOWN

2 Is this French city inhabited only by the superior type? (9)
3 and 4 Statement true only of the mantis, but it's enough to get rid of the little pests! (6,5)
5 Embraces and takes care of such as Mary's following. (7)
6 You might consider it art, or at least characteristic of it. (5)
7 See 28 across
8 Worked hard to find a little way to wander about. (6)
14 See 16 across
17 and 19 If you want another of the Brooklyn type, you might have to, but it takes a lot of hands! (9,6)
20 Columbia's banners are supposed to make Tyranny. (7)
22 First it's hot, then it's cold, if you get the idea, etc., of it. (4,3)
23 The highest knowledge is one's problem, perhaps. (6)
25 Con this and it would be hard, at least off Greece. (5)
27 Island where a certain number are always on foot. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1363

ACROSS: 1 Table d'hote; 6 Spar; 10 Erodent; 11 Opening; 12 Ouch; 13 Betterment; 15 Neighed; 16 Rubeola; 17 Overrun; 20 Striped; 22 Misspelled; 23 Arid; 25 Scissor; 26 Tribune; 27 Cody; 28 Astrolabes. DOWN: 1 The Sound of Music; 2 Bronchi; 3 Even; 4 Hothead; 5 Trotter; 7 Primero; 8 Right-handedness; 9 Heartburn; 14 Therapist; 18 Exscind; 19 Nol-pros; 20 Sweater; 21 Perturb; 24 Bill.

PUBLICATIONS

THE STORY OF THE IRISH CITIZEN ARMY

SEAN O'CASEY's first published work, is a collector's item, fetching fancy prices in the antiquarian booktrade. But our first list of nine **ORIOLE CHAPBOOKS** includes a facsimile edition of that historic pamphlet for only **$1.25.** Copies are now ready for mailing.

Oriole Chapbooks are dedicated to COMMENT, CONTROVERSY and LIVELY READING in Philosophy, History, Literature, Criticism and Public Affairs. The books are carefully planned for convenient reading and low prices.

Please write for the complete list.

ORIOLE EDITIONS
15 W. 81st Street (N), New York, N. Y. 10024

COMMUNE DIRECTORY and magazine—$2.00; Directory of Free Schools; Social Change; Personal Growth; Nudist/Sex; $1.00 each. All 5 for $5.00. **Alternatives-N, Drawer A, San Francisco, Calif. 94131.**

'THE PRESS AND THE BAY OF PIGS'
A detailed study by
Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon
The role played by **The Nation** in breaking the Bay of Pigs story to the American public, reprinted from the **Columbia University Forum.**
Single copies—15c; 25 copies at 10c each
Orders over 25 at 7c per copy
THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10014

PERSONALS

ALTERNATIVE STYLES OF BUYING? YES! From individuals, groups, communes, communities, supporting their efforts to bring **Peace** and **Human Dignity** by selling products through **COMMUNITY MARKET.** Illustrated catalog 25 cents. **849 Edkin Street, West Chester, Penna. 19380.**

ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS including New York's. The right of each adult human to own his or her own body is the paramount moral law, without exception.—**AAAL, POB 36122, Los Angeles, 90036.**

POSTERS (over 175, many anti-war), BUTTONS (over 225), **BUMPERSTICKERS, PEACE JEWELRY AND EARRINGS.** Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. **A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103.**

MAN CANNOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE . . . Needs love. Repeal all anti-contraceptive laws everywhere. **POB 4069, N. Y. C. 10017.**

RETIREMENT LIVING

PROGRESSIVES, HUMANISTS, INTELLECTUALS. Contemplating opening residential community near Cuernavaca, Mexico for limited number. Excellent proposition. Inexpensive. **Box 644, c/o The Nation.**

ADVERTISING RATES
Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 10014
242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NATION, *333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014*

☐ Count me in the good fight for a new one-year (48 issues) subscription and send me *The People's President*. I enclose $12.50.

☐ I'll subscribe for one year (48 issues) plus four free bonus issues. I enclose $12.50.

☐ I'll subscribe for six months. Here's $7.50.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ *Zip*_____

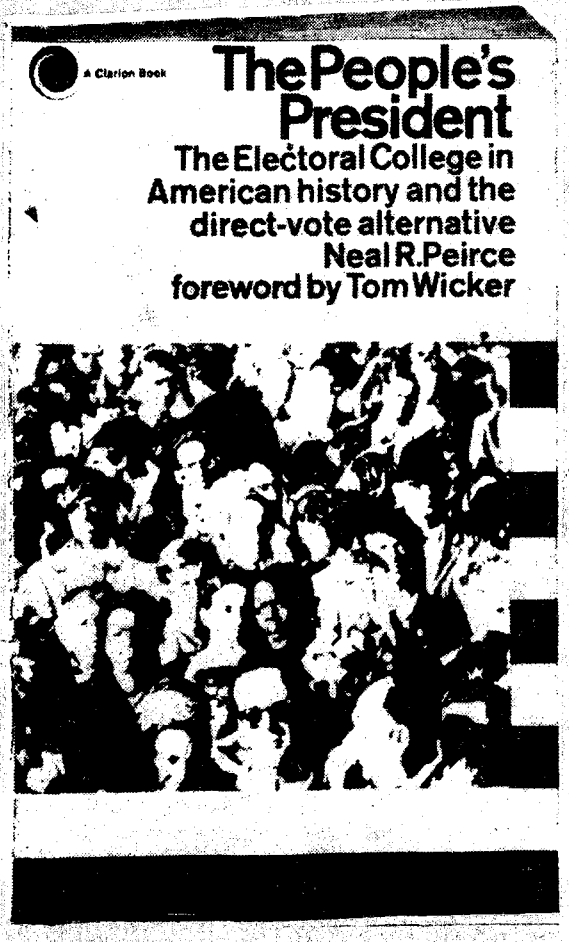
N-10-19

Estes Kefauver said it in 1961: "Every four years the Electoral College is a game of Russian roulette. Once its antiquated procedures trigger a loaded cylinder, it may be too late." Again and again, *The Nation* has warned of the ancient system's dire dangers.

Can this 18th-century antique be "modernized"? Or shouldn't it be junked for direct voting by the people? Neal R. Peirce, of the *Congressional Quarterly*, covers a hundred such questions in lively detail in his milestone new book, *The People's President*.

Want to rescue the White House from the System and give it to the people? Join the Good Fight now with a one-year new subscription to *The Nation*, and get this not-to-be-missed book.

Now yours at no extra charge with a new one-year subscription to THE NATION


A Clarion Book
The People's President
The Electoral College in American history and the direct-vote alternative
Neal R. Peirce
foreword by Tom Wicker

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED